This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

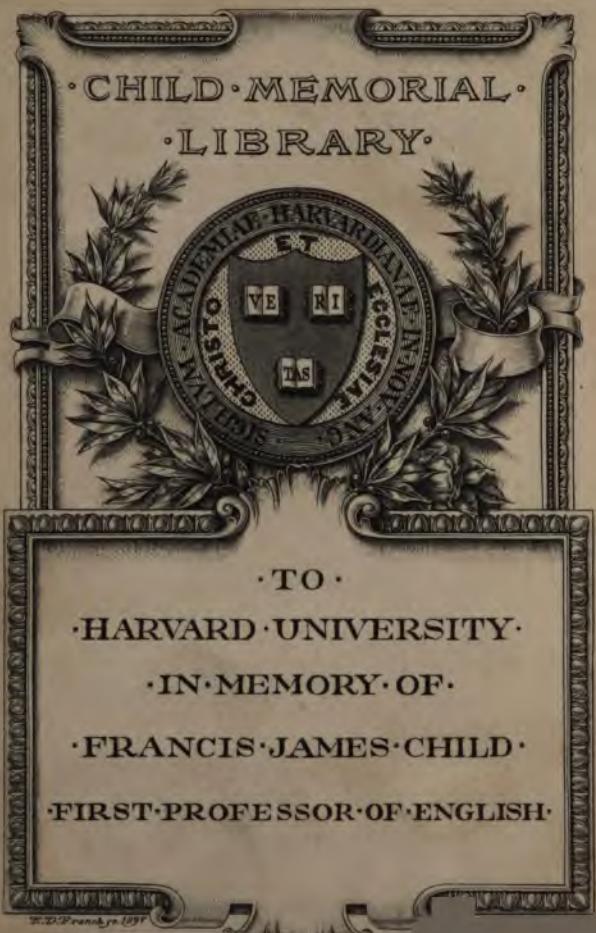
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

13482.48



TRANSFERRED
TO
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

CHILD
MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy (*Sonn.* 33).

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.,

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1896.

134.82.48
Harvard University,
Child Memorial Library.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents per volume; Paper, 40 cents per volume.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

The Merchant of Venice.
Othello.
Julius Cæsar.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
Macbeth.
Hamlet.
Much Ado about Nothing.
Romeo and Juliet.
As You Like It.
The Tempest.
Twelfth Night.
The Winter's Tale.
King John.
Richard II.
Henry IV. Part I.
Henry IV. Part II.
Henry V.
Henry VI. Part I.
Henry VI. Part II.
Henry VI. Part III.
Richard III.
Henry VIII.
King Lear.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All 's Well that Ends Well.
Coriolanus.
The Comedy of Errors.
Cymbeline.
Antony and Cleopatra.
Measure for Measure.
Merry Wives of Windsor.
Love's Labour 's Lost.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Timon of Athens.
Troilus and Cressida.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
The Two Noble Kinsmen.
Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, etc.
Sonnets.
Titus Andronicus.

GOLDSMITH'S SELECT POEMS.
GRAY'S SELECT POEMS.
MINOR POEMS OF JOHN MILTON.
BROWNING'S SELECT POEMS.
BROWNING'S SELECT DRAMAS.
MACAULAY'S LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME
WORDSWORTH'S SELECT POEMS.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or they will be sent by* HARPER & BROTHERS *to any address on receipt of price as quoted. If ordered sent by mail, 10 per cent. should be added to the price to cover cost of postage.*

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY
Child Memorial Library

Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

PREFACE.

In this volume, as almost every page of the Introduction and the Notes bears witness, I have been under special obligations to Professor Dowden's excellent editions of the Sonnets. I have not, however, drawn at all from Part II. of the Introduction to his *larger* edition (see the footnote on p. 11), which condenses into some seventy-five pages the entire literature of the Sonnets. For the critical student this careful *résumé* answers a double purpose: as a bibliography of the subject, directing him to the many books and papers that have been written upon the Sonnets, if he is moved to read any or all of them; and as a compact and convenient substitute for these books and papers, if he wants to know their gist and substance without the drudgery of wading through them. I doubt not that the majority of students will be thankful that Professor Dowden has relieved them of the drudgery by compressing many a dull volume or magazine article into a page or a paragraph.

I will only add that the text of the *Sonnets*, like that of the *Poems*, is given without omission or expurgation.

NOTE TO REVISED EDITION OF 1890.

For new matter, giving the substance of the latest researches in the history of the Sonnets, see "Addenda," p. 184 fol. Certain changes have also been made in the Introduction (pp. 10, 11, 12) and here and there in the Notes.

CHILD
MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

STATUE OF MARY FITTON.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS..... 9

I. THEIR HISTORY..... 9

II. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE SONNETS..... 12

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS..... 45

NOTES..... 125

Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west
As those two mourning eyes become thy face (*Sonn.* 132).

CHILD
MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

INTRODUCTION

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

I. THEIR HISTORY.

The *Sonnets* were first published in 1609, with the following title-page (as given in the fac-simile of 1870):

SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *William Aspley*. | 1609.

In some copies the latter part of the imprint reads: "to be solde by *Iohn Wright*, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609."

At the end of the volume *A Lover's Complaint* was printed.

In 1640 the Sonnets (except Nos. 18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96, and 126), re-arranged under various titles, with the pieces in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *A Lover's Complaint*, *The Phœnix and the Turtle*, the lines "Why should this a desert be," etc. (*A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 133 fol.), "Take, O take those lips away," etc. (*M. for M.* iv. 1. 1 fol.), and sundry translations from Ovid, evidently not Shakespeare's (see our ed. of *V. and A.* p. 215), were published with the following title:

POEMS: | WRITTEN | BY | WIL. SHAKE-SPEARE. | Gent. | Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are | to be sold by *Iohn Benson*, dwelling in | St *Dunstans* Church-yard. 1640.

There is an introductory address "To the Reader" by Benson, in which he asserts that the poems are "of the same purity the Authour himselfe then living avouched," and that they will be found "seren, cleere and eligantly plaine." He adds that by bringing them "to the perfect view of all men" he is "glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved Author."

The order of the poems in this volume is followed in the editions of Gildon (1710) and of Sewell (1725 and 1728); also in those published by Ewing (1771) and Evans (1775). In all these editions the sonnets mentioned above (18, 19, etc.) are omitted, and 138 and 144 are given in the form in which they appear in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

The first complete reprint of the Sonnets, after the edition of 1609, appears to have been in the collected edition of Shakespeare's Poems, published by Lintott in 1709 (see our ed. of *Venus and Adonis*, etc., p. 13).

The earliest known reference to the Sonnets is in the *Palladis Tamia* of Meres (cf. *M. N. D.* p. 9, and *C. of E.* p. 101), who speaks of them as "his sugred Sonnets among

his priuate friends." This was in 1598, and in the next year two of them (138 and 144) were printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. We do not know that any of the others were published before 1609. They were probably written at intervals during many years. "Some, if we were to judge by their style, belong to the time when *Romeo and Juliet* was written. Others—as, for example, 66–74—echo the sadder tone which is heard in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*" (Dowden). It is evident that there is a gap of at least three years (see 104) between 99 and the following group (100–112).

The theories concerning these interesting poems cannot even be enumerated in the space at our command. "Some have looked on them as one poem; some as several poems—of groups of sonnets; some as containing a separate poem in each sonnet. They have been supposed to be written in Shakespeare's own person, or in the character of another, or of several others; to be autobiographical or heterobiographical, or allegorical; to have been addressed to Lord Southampton, to Sir William Herbert, to his own wife, to Lady Rich, to his child, to his nephew, to himself, to his muse. The 'W. H.' in the dedication has been interpreted as William Herbert, William Hughes, William Hathaway, William Hart (his nephew), William Himself, and Henry Wriothesly" (Fleay).*

For our own part, we find it as difficult to believe that some of the Sonnets are autobiographical as that others are not; and all that has been written to prove that 1–126 are all addressed to the same person fails to convince us. It is clear enough that certain sets (like 1–17, for instance)

* Some of these theories are discussed in the extracts given below from Dowden's Introduction to his valuable edition of the *Sonnets*. For an admirable *résumé* of the entire literature of the subject, see the *larger* edition of Dowden (London, 1881), Part II. of the Introduction, pp. 36–110.

form a regular series, but that all the poems are arranged in the order in which Shakespeare meant to have them is not so clear. There is no evidence that the edition of 1609 was supervised or even authorized by him. The enigmatical dedication is not his, but the publisher's; and the arrangement of the poems is probably that of the person who procured them for publication, whoever he may have been. The order seems to us more like that of a *collector*—one who knew something of their history, and was interested in getting them together for publication—than that of the *author*. Possibly this collector had his own little theory as to the interconnection of some of them, like certain of the modern editors, no one of whom seems on the whole to have been any more successful in classifying them. We fear that both their order and the means by which the publisher got possession of them must continue to be among the insoluble problems of literature.*

II. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE SONNETS.

[*From Dowden's Edition.*†]

The student of Shakspere is drawn to the Sonnets not alone by their ardour and depth of feeling, their fertility and condensation of thought, their exquisite felicities of phrase, and their frequent beauty of rhythmical movement, but in a peculiar degree by the possibility that here, if nowhere else, the greatest of English poets may—as Wordsworth puts it—have "unlocked his heart."‡ It were strange if his silence,

* See also *Addenda*, p. 184 fol. below.

† *The Sonnets of William Shakspere*, edited by Edward Dowden (London, 1881), p. xv. fol. (also in the larger ed. p. 4 fol.).

‡ Poets differ in the interpretation of the Sonnets as widely as critics:

> "'*With this same key*
> *Shakespeare unlocked his heart*' once more!
> Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!"

So, Mr. Browning; to whom replies Mr. Swinburne, "No whit the less like Shakespeare, but undoubtedly the less like Browning." Some of

deep as that of the secrets of Nature, never once knew interruption. The moment, however, we regard the Sonnets as autobiographical, we find ourselves in the presence of doubts and difficulties, exaggerated, it is true, by many writers, yet certainly real.

If we must escape from them, the simplest mode is to assume that the Sonnets are "the free outcome of a poetic imagination" (Delius). It is an ingenious suggestion of Delius that certain groups may be offsets from other poetical works of Shakspere; those urging a beautiful youth to perpetuate his beauty in offspring may be a derivative from *Venus and Adonis;* those declaring love for a dark complexioned woman may rehandle the theme set forth in Berowne's passion for the dark Rosaline of *Love's Labour 's Lost;* those which tell of a mistress resigned to a friend may be a non-dramatic treatment of the theme of love and friendship presented in the later scenes of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Perhaps a few sonnets, as 110 and 111, refer to circumstances of Shakspere's life (Dyce); the main body of these poems may still be regarded as mere exercises of the fancy.

Such an explanation of the Sonnets has the merit of simplicity; it unties no knots, but cuts all at a blow; if the collection consists of disconnected exercises of the fancy, we

Shelley's feeling with reference to the Sonnets may be guessed from certain lines to be found among the *Studies for Epipsychidion and Cancelled Passages* (Poetical Works: ed. Forman, vol. ii. pp. 392, 393), to which my attention has been called by Mr. E. W. Gosse:

> "If any should be curious to discover
> Whether to you I am a friend or lover,
> Let them read Shakspeare's sonnets, taking thence
> A whetstone for their dull intelligence
> That tears and will not cut, or let them guess
> How Diotima, the wise prophetess,
> Instructed the instructor, and why he
> Rebuked the infant spirit of melody
> On Agathon's sweet lips, which as he spoke
> Was as the lovely star when morn has broke
> The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,
> Half-hidden and yet beautiful."

need not try to reconcile discrepancies, nor shape a story, nor ascertain a chronology, nor identify persons. And what indeed was a sonneteer's passion but a painted fire? What was the form of verse but an exotic curiously trained and tended, in which an artificial sentiment imported from Italy gave perfume and colour to the flower?

And yet, in this as in other forms, the poetry of the time, which possesses an enduring vitality, was not commonly caught out of the air, but—however large the conventional element in it may have been—was born of the union of heart and imagination; in it real feelings and real experience, submitting to the poetical fashions of the day, were raised to an ideal expression. Spenser wooed and wedded the Elizabeth of his *Amoretti*. The *Astrophel and Stella* tells of a veritable tragedy, fatal perhaps to two bright lives and passionate hearts. And what poems of Drummond do we remember as we remember those which record how he loved and lamented Mary Cunningham?

Some students of the Sonnets, who refuse to trace their origin to real incidents of Shakspere's life, allow that they form a connected poem, or at most two connected poems, and these, they assure us, are of deeper significance than any mere poetical exercises can be. They form a stupendous allegory; they express a profound philosophy. The young friend whom Shakspere addresses is in truth the poet's Ideal Self, or Ideal Manhood, or the Spirit of Beauty, or the Reason, or the Divine Logos; his dark mistress, whom a prosaic German translator (Jordan) takes for a mulatto or quadroon, is indeed Dramatic Art, or the Catholic Church, or the Bride of the Canticles, black but comely. Let us not smile too soon at the pranks of Puck among the critics; it is more prudent to move apart and feel gently whether that sleek nole, with fair large ears, may not have been slipped upon our own shoulders.

When we question saner critics why Shakspere's Sonnets

may not be at once *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, poetry and truth, their answer amounts to this: Is it likely that Shakspere would so have rendered extravagant homage to a boy patron? Is it likely that one who so deeply felt the moral order of the world would have yielded, as the poems to his dark lady acknowledge, to a vulgar temptation of the senses? or, yielding, would have told his shame in verse? Objections are brought forward against identifying the youth of the Sonnets with Southampton or with Pembroke; it is pointed out that the writer speaks of himself as old, and *that* in a sonnet published in Shakspere's thirty-fifth year; here evidently he cannot have spoken in his own person, and if not here, why elsewhere? Finally, it is asserted that the poems lack internal harmony; no real person can be—what Shakspere's friend is described as being—true and false, constant and fickle, virtuous and vicious, of hopeful expectation, and publicly blamed for careless living.

Shakspere speaks of himself as old; true, but in the sonnet published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (138), he speaks as a lover, contrasting himself, skilled in the lore of life, with an inexperienced youth; doubtless at thirty-five he was not a Florizel nor a Ferdinand. In the poems to his friend, Shakspere is addressing a young man perhaps of twenty years, in the fresh bloom of beauty; he celebrates with delight the floral grace of youth, to which the first touch of time will be a taint; those lines of thought and care, which his own mirror shows, bear witness to time's ravage. It is as a poet that Shakspere writes, and his statistics are those not of arithmetic but of poetry.

That he should have given admiration and love without measure to a youth highborn, brilliant, accomplished, who singled out the player for peculiar favour, will seem wonderful only to those who keep a constant guard upon their affections, and to those who have no need to keep a guard at all. In the Renascence epoch, among natural products of

a time when life ran swift and free, touching with its current high and difficult places, the ardent friendship of man with man was one. To elevate it above mere personal regard a kind of Neo-Platonism was at hand, which represented Beauty and Love incarnated in a human creature as earthly vicegerents of the Divinity. "It was then not uncommon," observes the sober Dyce, "for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection as fully warrants us in terming them amatory." Montaigne, not prone to take up extreme positions, writes of his dead Estienne de la Boëtie with passionate tenderness which will not hear of moderation. The haughtiest spirit of Italy, Michael Angelo, does homage to the worth and beauty of young Tommaso Cavalieri in such words as these:

> "Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain;
> E'en as you will I blush and blanch again
> Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky,
> Your will includes and is the lord of mine."

The learned Languet writes to young Philip Sidney: "Your portrait I kept with me some hours to feast my eyes on it, but my appetite was rather increased than diminished by the sight." And Sidney to his guardian friend: "The chief object of my life, next to the everlasting blessedness of heaven, will always be the enjoyment of true friendship, and there you shall have the chiefest place." "Some," said Jeremy Taylor, "live under the line, and the beams of friendship in that position are imminent and perpendicular." "Some have only a dark day and a long night from him [the Sun], snows and white cattle, a miserable life and a perpetual harvest of Catarrhes and Consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies; but some have splendid fires and aromatick spices, rich wines and well-digested fruits, great wit and great courage, because they dwell in his eye and look in his face and are the Courtiers of the Sun, and wait upon him in his Chambers of the East; just so it is in friend-

ship." Was Shakspere less a courtier of the sun than Languet or Michael Angelo?

If we accept the obvious reading of the Sonnets, we must believe that Shakspere at some time of his life was snared by a woman, the reverse of beautiful according to the conventional Elizabethan standard — dark-haired, dark-eyed, pale-cheeked (132); skilled in touching the virginal (128); skilled also in playing on the heart of man; who could attract and repel, irritate and soothe, join reproach with caress (145); a woman faithless to her vow in wedlock (152). Through her no calm of joy came to him; his life ran quicker but more troubled through her spell, and she mingled strange bitterness with its waters. Mistress of herself and of her art, she turned when it pleased her from the player to capture a more distinguished prize, his friend. For a while Shakspere was kept in the torture of doubt and suspicion; then confession and tears were offered by the youth. The wound had gone deep into Shakspere's heart:

> "Love knows it is a greater grief
> To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury."

But, delivering himself from the intemperance of wrath, he could forgive a young man beguiled and led astray. Through further difficulties and estrangements their friendship travelled on to a fortunate repose. The series of sonnets which is its record climbs to a high, sunlit resting-place. The other series, which records his passion for a dark temptress, is a whirl of moral chaos. Whether to dismiss him, or to draw him farther on, the woman had urged upon him the claims of conscience and duty; in the latest sonnets —if this series be arranged in chronological order—Shakspere's passion, grown bitter and scornful (151, 152), strives, once for all, to defy and wrestle down his better will.

Shakspere of the Sonnets is not the Shakspere serenely victorious, infinitely charitable, wise with all wisdom of the intellect and the heart, whom we know through *The Tempest*

and *King Henry VIII.* He is the Shakspere of *Venus and Adonis* and *Romeo and Juliet*, on his way to acquire some of the dark experience of *Measure for Measure*, and the bitter learning of *Troilus and Cressida*. Shakspere's writings assure us that in the main his eye was fixed on the true ends of life; but they do not lead us to believe that he was inaccessible to temptations of the senses, the heart, and the imagination. We can only guess the frailty that accompanied such strength, the risks that attended such high powers; immense demands on life, vast ardours, and then the void hour, the deep dejection. There appears to have been a time in his life when the springs of faith and hope had almost ceased to flow; and he recovered these not by flying from reality and life, but by driving his shafts deeper towards the centre of things. So Ulysses was transformed into Prospero, worldly wisdom into spiritual insight. Such ideal purity as Milton's was not possessed nor sought by Shakspere; among these sonnets, one or two might be spoken by Mercutio, when his wit of cheveril was stretched to an ell broad. To compensate—Shakspere knew men and women a good deal better than did Milton, and probably no patches of his life are quite as unprofitably ugly as some which disfigured the life of the great idealist. His daughter could love and honour Shakspere's memory. Lamentable it is, if he was taken in the toils, but at least we know that he escaped all toils before the end. May we dare to conjecture that Cleopatra, queen and courtesan, black from "Phœbus' amorous pinches," a "lass unparalleled," has some kinship through the imagination with our dark lady of the virginal? "Would I had never seen her," sighs out Antony, and the shrewd onlooker Enobarbus replies, "O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel."

Shakspere did not, in Byron's manner, invite the world to

gaze upon his trespass and his griefs. Setting aside two pieces printed by a pirate in 1599, not one of these poems, as far as we know, saw the light until long after they were written, according to the most probable chronology, and when in 1609 the volume entitled "Shake-speares Sonnets" was issued, it had, there is reason to believe, neither the superintendence nor the consent of the author.* Yet their literary merits entitled these poems to publication, and Shakspere's verse was popular. If they were written on fanciful themes, why were the Sonnets held so long in reserve? If, on the other hand, they were connected with real persons, and painful incidents, it was natural that they should not pass beyond the private friends of their possessor.

But the Sonnets of Shakspere, it is said, lack inward unity. Some might well be addressed to Queen Elizabeth, some to Anne Hathaway, some to his boy Hamnet, some to the Earl of Pembroke or the Earl of Southampton; it is impossible to make all these poems (1–126) apply to a single person. Difficulties of this kind may perplex a painful commentator, but would hardly occur to a lover or a friend living "where the beams of friendship are imminent." The youth addressed by Shakspere is "the master-mistress of his passion" (20); summing up the perfections of man and woman, of Helen and Adonis (53); a liege, and yet through love a comrade; in years a boy, cherished as a son might be; in will a man, with all the power which rank and beauty give. Love, aching with its own monotony, invites imagination to invest it in changeful forms. Besides, the varying feelings of at least three years (104)—three years of loss and gain, of love, wrong, wrath, sorrow, repentance, forgiveness, perfected union—are uttered in the Sonnets. When Shakspere began to write, his friend had the untried innocence of boyhood and an unspotted fame; afterwards came the offence

* The quarto of 1609, though not carelessly printed, is far less accurate than *Venus and Adonis*.

and the dishonour. And the loving heart practised upon itself the piteous frauds of wounded affection: now it can credit no evil of the beloved, now it must believe the worst. While the world knows nothing but praise for one so dear, a private injury goes deep into the soul; when the world assails his reputation, straightway loyalty revives, and even puts a strain upon itself to hide each imperfection from view.

A painstaking student of the Sonnets, Henry Brown, was of opinion that Shakspere intended in these poems to satirize the sonnet-writers of his time, and in particular his contemporaries, Drayton and John Davies of Hereford. Professor Minto, while accepting the series (1–126) as of serious import, regards the sonnets addressed to a woman (127–152) as "exercises of skill undertaken in a spirit of wanton defiance and derision of commonplace." Certainly, if Shakspere is a satirist in 1 to 126, his irony is deep; the malicious smile was not noticed during two centuries and a half. The poems are in the taste of the time; less extravagant and less full of conceits than many other Elizabethan collections, more distinguished by exquisite imagination, and all that betokens genuine feeling; they are, as far as manner goes, such sonnets as Daniel might have chosen to write if he had had the imagination and the heart of Shakspere. All that is quaint or contorted or "conceited" in them can be paralleled from passages of early plays of Shakspere, such as *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where assuredly no satirical intention is discoverable. In the sonnets 127 to 154 Shakspere addresses a woman to whom it is impossible to pay the conventional homage of sonneteers; he cannot tell her that her cheeks are lilies and roses, her breast is of snow, her heart is chaste and cold as ice. Yet he loves her, and will give her tribute of verse. He praises her precisely as a woman who, without beauty, is clever and charming, and a coquette, would choose to be praised. True, she owns no commonplace attractions; she is no pink and white goddess;

all her imperfections he sees; yet she can fascinate by some nameless spell; she can turn the heart hot or cold; if she is not beautiful, it is because something more rare and fine takes the place of beauty. She angers her lover; he declares to her face that she is odious, and at the same moment he is at her feet.

A writer whose distinction it is to have produced the largest book upon the Sonnets, Mr. Gerald Massey, holds that he has rescued Shakspere's memory from shame by the discovery of a secret history, legible in these poems to rightly illuminated eyes.* In 1592, according to this theory, Shakspere began to address pieces in sonnet-form to his patron Southampton. Presently the earl engaged the poet to write love sonnets on his behalf to Elizabeth Vernon; assuming also the feelings of Elizabeth Vernon, Shakspere wrote dramatic sonnets, as if in her person, to the earl. The table-book containing Shakspere's autograph sonnets was given by Southampton to Pembroke, and at Pembroke's request was written the dark-woman series; for Pembroke, although authentic history knows nothing of the facts, was enamoured of Sidney's Stella, now well advanced in years, the unhappy Lady Rich. A few of the sonnets which pass for Shakspere's are really by Herbert, and he, the "Mr. W. H." of Thorpe's dedication, is the "only begetter," that is, procurer of these pieces for the publisher. The Sonnets require re-arrangement, and are grouped in an order of his own by Mr. Massey.

Mr. Massey writes with zeal; with a faith in his own opinions which finds scepticism hard to explain except on some theory of intellectual or moral obliquity; and he exhibits a wide, miscellaneous reading. The one thing Mr. Massey's elaborate theory seems to me to lack is some evidence in its support. His arguments may well remain unanswered. One hardly knows how to tug at the other end of a rope of sand.

* The first hint of this theory was given by Mrs. Jameson.

With Wordsworth, Sir Henry Taylor, and Mr. Swinburne, with François-Victor Hugo, with Kreyssig, Ulrici, Gervinus. and Hermann Isaac,* with Boaden, Armitage Brown, and Hallam, with Furnivall, Spalding, Rossetti, and Palgrave, I believe that Shakspere's Sonnets express his own feelings in his own person. To whom they were addressed is unknown. We shall never discover the name of that woman who for a season could sound, as no one else, the instrument in Shakspere's heart from the lowest note to the top of the compass. To the eyes of no diver among the wrecks of time will that curious talisman gleam. Already, when Thorpe dedicated these poems to their "only begetter," she perhaps was lost in the quick-moving life of London, to all but a few, in whose memory were stirred, as by a forlorn, small wind, the grey ashes of a fire gone out. As to the name of Shakspere's youthful friend and patron, we conjecture on slender evidence at the best. Setting claimants aside on whose behalf the evidence is absolutely none, except that their Christian name and surname begin with a W and an H, two remain whose pretensions have been supported by accomplished advocates. Drake (1817), a learned and refined writer, was the first to suggest that the friend addressed in Shakspere's Sonnets was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, to whom *Venus and Adonis* was dedicated in 1593, and in the following year *Lucrece*, in words of strong devotion resembling those of the twenty-sixth sonnet.† B. Heywood Bright (1819), and James Boaden (1832), independently arrived at the conclusion that the Mr. W. H. of the dedication, the "begetter" or inspirer of the Sonnets, was William Herbert,

* A learned and thoughtful student of the Sonnets. See his articles in *Archiv für das Studium der Neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, 1878-79.

† Drake did not, as is sometimes stated, suppose that Mr. W. H. was Southampton. He took "begetter" to mean *obtainer;* and left Mr. W. *H. unidentified.* Others hold that "W. H." are the initials of Southampton's names reversed, as a blind to the public.

Earl of Pembroke, to whom, with his brother, as two well-known patrons of the great dramatist, his fellows Heminge and Condell dedicated the First Folio. Wriothesley was born in 1573, nine years after Shakspere; Herbert in 1580. Wriothesley at an early age became the lover of Elizabeth Vernon, needing therefore no entreaties to marry (1–17); he was not beautiful; he bore no resemblance to his mother (3. 9); his life was active, with varying fortunes, to which allusions might be looked for in the Sonnets, such as may be found in the verses of his other poet, Daniel. Further, it appears from the punning sonnets (135 and 143), that the Christian name of Shakspere's friend was the same as his own, *Will*, but Wriothesley's name was Henry. To Herbert the punning sonnets and the "Mr. W. H." of the dedication can be made to apply. He was indeed a nobleman in 1609, but a nobleman might be styled *Mr.;* "Lord Buckhurst is entered as *M.* Sackville in *England's Parnassus*" (Minto); or the *Mr.* may have been meant to disguise the truth. Herbert was beautiful; was like his illustrious mother; was brilliant, accomplished, licentious; "the most universally beloved and esteemed," says Clarendon, "of any man of his age." Like Southampton, he was a patron of poets, and he loved the theatre. In 1599 attempts were unsuccessfully made to induce him to become a suitor for the hand of the Lord Admiral's daughter. So far the balance leans towards Herbert. But his father lived until 1601 (see 13 and Notes); Southampton's father died while his son was a boy; and the date of Herbert's birth (1580), taken in connection with Meres's mention of sonnets, and the "Two loves" of the *Passionate Pilgrim* sonnet (1599), 144, may well cause a doubt.

A clue, which promises to lead us to clearness, and then deceives us into deeper twilight, is the characterization (78–86) of a rival poet who for a time supplanted Shakspere in his patron's regard. This rival, the "better spirit" of 80,

was learned (78); dedicated a book to Shakspere's patron (82); celebrated his beauty and knowledge (82); in "hymns" (85); was remarkable for "the full proud sail of his great verse" (86, 80); was taught "by spirits" to write "above a mortal pitch," was nightly visited by "an affable familiar ghost" who "gulled him with intelligence" (86). Here are allusions and characteristics which ought to lead to identification. Yet in the end we are forced to confess that the poet remains as dim a figure as the patron.

Is it Spenser? He was learned, but what ghost was that which gulled him? Is it Marlowe? His verse was proud and full, and the creator of Faustus may well have had dealings with his own Mephistophelis, but Marlowe died in May, 1593, the year of *Venus and Adonis*. Is it Drayton, or Nash, or John Davies of Hereford? Persons in search of an ingeniously improbable opinion may choose any one of these. Is it Daniel? Daniel's reputation stood high; he was regarded as a master by Shakspere in his early poems; he was brought up at Wilton, the seat of the Pembrokes, and in 1601 he inscribed his *Defence of Ryme* to William Herbert; the Pembroke family favoured astrologers, and the ghost that gulled Daniel may have been the same that gulled Allen, Sandford, and Dr. Dee, and through them gulled Herbert. Here is at least a clever guess, and Boaden is again the guesser. But Professor Minto makes a guess even more fortunate. No Elizabethan poet wrote ampler verse, none scorned "ignorance" more, or more haughtily asserted his learning than Chapman. In *The Tears of Peace* (1609), Homer as a spirit visits and inspires him; the claim to such inspiration may have been often made by the translator of Homer in earlier years. Chapman was pre-eminently the poet of Night. *The Shadow of Night*, with the motto "Versus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis," appeared in 1594; the title-page describes it as containing "two poeticall *Hymnes*." In the dedication Chapman assails unlearned

"passion-driven men," "hide-bound with affection to great men's fancies," and ridicules the alleged eternity of their "idolatrous platts for riches." "Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves, that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others, but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without having drops of their souls *like a heavenly familiar.*" Of Chapman's Homer a part appeared in 1596; dedicatory sonnets in a later edition are addressed to both Southampton and Pembroke.

Mr. W. H., the only begetter of the Sonnets, remains unknown. Even the meaning of the word "begetter" is in dispute. "I have some cousin-germans at court," writes Decker in *Satiromastix*, "shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king's revels," where *beget* evidently means *procure*. Was the "begetter" of the Sonnets, then, the person who procured them for Thorpe? I cannot think so; there is special point in the choice of the word "begetter," if the dedication be addressed to the person who inspired the poems and for whom they were written. Eternity through offspring is what Shakspere most desires for his friend; if he will not beget a child, then he is promised eternity in verse by his poet—in verse "whose influence is thine, and *born of thee*" (78). Thus was Mr. W. H. the begetter of these poems, and from the point of view of a complimentary dedication he might well be termed the *only* begetter.

I have no space to consider suggestions which seem to me of little weight—that W. H. is a misprint for W. S., meaning William Shakspere; that "W. H. all" should be read "W. Hall;" that a full stop should be placed after "wisheth," making Mr. W. H., perhaps William Herbert or William Hathaway, the wisher of happiness to Southampton, the only begetter (Ph. Chasles and Bolton Corney); nor do I think we need argue for or against the supposition

of a painful German commentator (Barnstorff), that Mr. W. H. is none other than Mr. William Himself. When Thorpe uses the words "the adventurer in setting forth," perhaps he meant to compare himself to one of the young volunteers in the days of Elizabeth and James, who embarked on naval enterprises, hoping to make their fortunes by discovery or conquest; so he with good wishes took his risk on the sea of public favour in this light venture of the Sonnets.*

The date at which the Sonnets were written, like their origin, is uncertain. In *Willobie's Avisa*, 1594, in commendatory verse prefixed to which occurs the earliest printed mention of Shakspere by name, H. W. (Henry Willobie), pining with love for Avisa, bewrays his disease to his familiar friend W. S., "who not long before had tried the curtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection." W. S. encourages his friend in a passion which he knows must be hopeless, intending to view this "loving Comedy" from far off, in order to learn "whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor than it did for the old player." From Canto 44 to 48 of *Avisa*, W. S. addresses H. W. on his love-affair, and H. W. replies. It is remarkable that Canto 47 in form and substance bears resemblance to the stanzas in *The Passionate Pilgrim* beginning "Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame." Assuming that W. S. is William Shakespeare, we learn that he had loved unwisely, been laughed at, and recovered from the infection of his passion before the end of 1594. It seemed impossible to pass by a poem which has been described as "the one contemporary book which has ever been supposed to throw any direct or indirect light on the mystic matter" of the Sonnets. But although the reference to W. S., his passion for Avisa fair and chaste, and his recovery, be matter of interest to inquirers after Shakspere's life, *Willobie's Avisa* seems to

* See Dr. Grosart's *Donne*, vol. ii. pp. 45, 46.

me to have no point of connection with the Sonnets of Shakspere.* . . .

Various attempts have been made by English, French, and German students to place the Sonnets in a new and better order, of which attempts no two agree between themselves. That the Sonnets are not printed in the quarto, 1609, at haphazard, is evident from the fact that the *Envoy*, 126, is rightly placed; that poems addressed to a mistress follow those addressed to a friend; and that the two Cupid and Dian sonnets stand together at the close. A nearer view makes it apparent that in the first series (1–126) a continuous story is conducted through various stages to its termination; a more minute inspection discovers points of contact or connection between sonnet and sonnet, and a natural sequence of thought, passion, and imagery. We are in the end convinced that no arrangement which has been proposed is as good as that of the quarto. But the force of this remark seems to me to apply with certainty only to Sonnets 1–126. The second series (127–154), although some of its pieces are evidently connected with those which stand near them, does not exhibit a like intelligible sequence; a better arrangement may, perhaps, be found; or, it may be, no possible arrangement can educe order out of the struggles between will and judgment, between blood and reason; tumult and chaos are, perhaps, a portion of their life and being.

A piece of evidence confirming the opinion here advanced will be found in the use of *thou* and *you* by Shakspere as a mode of address to his friend. Why *thou* or *you* is chosen, is not always explicable; sometimes the choice seems to be determined by considerations of euphony; sometimes of

* The force of the allusion to tragedy and comedy is weakened by the fact that we find in *Alcilia* (1595) the course of love spoken of as a tragi-comedy, where no reference to a real actor on the stage is intended: "Sic incipit stultorum Tragicomoedia."

rhyme; sometimes intimate affection seems to indicate the use of *you*, and respectful homage that of *thou;* but this is by no means invariable. What I would call attention to, however, as exhibiting something like order and progress in the arrangement of 1609, is this: that in the first fifty sonnets, *you* is of extremely rare occurrence, in the second fifty *you* and *thou* alternate in little groups of sonnets, *thou* having still a preponderance, but now only a slight preponderance; in the remaining twenty-six, *you* becomes the ordinary mode of address, and *thou* the exception. In the sonnets to a mistress, *thou* is invariably employed. A few sonnets of the first series, as 63–68, have "my love," and the third person throughout.*

Whether idealizing reality or wholly fanciful, an Elizabethan book of sonnets was—not always, but in many instances—made up of a chain or series of poems, in a designed or natural sequence, viewing in various aspects a single theme, or carrying on a love-story to its issue, prosperous or the reverse. Sometimes advance is made through the need of discovering new points of view, and the movement, always delayed, is rather in a circuit than straight forward. In Spenser's *Amoretti* we read the progress of love from humility through hope to conquest. In *Astrophel and*

* I cannot here present detailed statistics.[1] *Thou* and *you* are to be considered only when addressing friend or lover, not Time, the Muse, etc. Five sets of sonnets may then be distinguished: 1. Using *thou*. 2. Using *you*. 3. Using neither, but belonging to a *thou* group. 4. Using neither, but belonging to a *you* group. 5. Using both (24). I had hoped that this investigation was left to form one of my gleanings. But Professor Goedeke, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, March, 1877, looked into the matter; his results seem to me vitiated by an arbitrary division of the sonnets using neither *thou* nor *you* into groups of eleven and twelve, and by a fantastic theory that Shakspere wrote his sonnets in books or groups of fourteen each.

[1] In his larger ed., published later, Dowden adds a tabular classification of the Sonnets under the five heads mentioned.—*Ed.*

Stella, we read the story of passion struggling with untoward fate, yet at last mastered by the resolve to do high deeds:

> "Sweet! for a while give respite to my heart
> Which pants as though it still would leap to thee;
> And on my thoughts give thy Lieutenancy
> To this great Cause."

In *Parthenophil and Parthenophe* the story is of a new love supplanting an old, of hot and cold fevers, of despair, and, as last effort of the desperate lover, of an imagined attempt to subdue the affections of his cruel lady by magic art. But in reading Sidney, Spenser, Barnes, and still more, Watson, Constable, Drayton, and others, although a large element of the art-poetry of the Renascence is common to them and Shakspere, the student of Shakspere's Sonnets does not feel at home. It is when we open Daniel's *Delia* that we recognize close kinship. The manner is the same, though the master proves himself of tardier imagination and less ardent temper. Diction, imagery, rhymes, and, in sonnets of like form, versification, distinctly resemble those of Shakspere. Malone was surely right when he recognized in Daniel the master of Shakspere as a writer of sonnets—a master quickly excelled by his pupil. And it is in Daniel that we find sonnet starting from sonnet almost in Shakspere's manner, only that Daniel often links poem with poem in more formal wise, the last or the penultimate line of one poem supplying the first line of that which immediately follows.

Let us attempt to trace briefly the sequence of incidents and feelings in the Sonnets 1–126. A young man, beautiful, brilliant, and accomplished, is the heir of a great house; he is exposed to temptations of youth, and wealth, and rank. Possibly his mother desires to see him married; certainly it is the desire of his friend. "I should be glad if you were caught," writes Languet to Philip Sidney, "that so you might give to your country sons like yourself." "If you marry a wife, and if you beget children like yourself, you will be do

ing better service to your country than if you were to cut the throats of a thousand Spaniards and Frenchmen." "'Sir,' said Crœsus to Cambyses," Languet writes to Sidney, now aged twenty-four, "'I consider your father must be held your better, because he was the father of an admirable prince, whereas you have as yet no son like yourself.'" It is in the manner of Sidney's own Cecropia that Shakspere urges marriage upon his friend.* "Nature when you were first born, vowed you a woman, and as she made you child of a mother, so to do your best to be mother of a child" (Sonnet 13. 14); "she gave you beauty to move love; she gave you wit to know love; she gave you an excellent body to reward love; which kind of liberal rewarding is crowned with an unspeakable felicity. For this as it bindeth the receiver, so it makes happy the bestower; this doth not impoverish, but enrich the giver (6. 6). O the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow up, in whom you are as it were eternized! . . . Have you seen a pure Rose-water kept in a crystal glass, how fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while that beautiful glass imprisons it! Break the prison and let the water take his own course, doth it not embrace the dust, and lose all his former sweetness and fairness; truly so are we, if we have not the stay, rather than the restraint of Crystalline marriage (5); . . . And is a solitary life as good as this? then can one string make as good music as a consort (8)."

In like manner Shakspere urges the youth to perpetuate his beauty in offspring (1–17).† But if *Will* refuses, then his poet will make war against Time and Decay, and confer immortality upon his beloved one by Verse (15–19). *Will* is the pattern and exemplar of human beauty (19), so uniting in himself the perfections of man and woman (20); this

* *Arcadia*, lib. iii. Noticed by Mr. Massey in his *Shakespeare's Sonnets and his Private Friends*, pp. 36, 37.

† In what follows, to avoid the confusion of *he* and *him*, we call Shakspere's friend, as he is called in 135, *Will*.

is no extravagant praise, but simple truth (21). And such a being has exchanged love with Shakspere (22), who must needs be silent with excess of passion (23), cherishing in his heart the image of his friend's beauty (24), but holding still more dear the love from which no unkind fortune can ever separate him (25). Here affairs of his own compel Shakspere to a journey which removes him from *Will* (26, 27). Sleepless at night, and toiling by day, he thinks of the absent one (27, 28); grieving for his own poor estate (29), and the death of friends, but finding in the one beloved amends for all (30, 31); and so Shakspere commends to his friend his poor verses as a token of affection which may survive if he himself should die (32). At this point the mood changes—in his absence his friend has been false to friendship (33); now, indeed, *Will* would let the sunshine of his favour beam out again, but that will not cure the disgrace; tears and penitence are fitter (34); and for sake of such tears *Will* shall be forgiven (35), but henceforth their lives must run apart (36); Shakspere, separated from *Will*, can look on and rejoice in his friend's happiness and honour (37), singing his praise in verse (38), which he could not do if they were so united that to praise his friend were self-praise (39); separated they must be, and even their loves be no longer one; Shakspere can now give his love, even her he loved, to the gentle thief; wronged though he is, he will still hold *Will* dear (40); what is he but a boy whom a woman has beguiled (41)? and for both, for friend and mistress, in the midst of his pain, he will try to feign excuses (42). Here there seems to be a gap of time. The Sonnets begin again in absence, and some students have called this, perhaps rightly, the Second Absence (43 fol.). His friend continues as dear as ever, but confidence is shaken, and a deep distrust begins to grow (48). What right indeed has a poor player to claim constancy and love (49)? He is on a journey which removes him from *Will* (50, 51). His

friend perhaps professes unshaken loyalty, for Shakspere now takes heart, and praises *Will's* truth (53, 54)—takes heart, and believes that his own verse will forever keep that truth in mind. He will endure the pain of absence, and have no jealous thoughts (57, 58); striving to honour his friend in song better than ever man was honoured before (59); in song which shall outlast the revolutions of time (60). Still he cannot quite get rid of jealous fears (61); and yet, what right has one so worn by years and care to claim all a young man's love (62)? *Will*, too, in his turn must fade, but his beauty will survive in verse (63). Alas! to think that death will take away the beloved one (64); nothing but verse can defeat time and decay (65). For his own part Shakspere would willingly die, were it not that, dying, he would leave his friend alone in an evil world (66). Why should one so beautiful live to grace this ill world (67) except as a survival of the genuine beauty of the good old times (68); yet beautiful as he is, he is blamed for careless living (69), but surely this must be slander (70). Shakspere here returns to the thought of his own death: when I leave this vile world, he says, let me be forgotten (71, 72); and my death is not very far off (73); but when I die my spirit still lives in my verse (74). A new group seems to begin with 75. Shakspere loves his friend as a miser loves his gold, fearing it may be stolen (fearing a rival poet?). His verse is monotonous and old-fashioned (not like the rival's verse?) (76); so he sends *Will* his manuscript book unfilled, which *Will* may fill, if he please, with verse of his own; Shakspere chooses to sing no more of Beauty and of Time; *Will's* glass and dial may inform him henceforth on these topics (77). The rival poet has now won the first place in *Will's* esteem (78–86). Shakspere must bid his friend farewell (87). If *Will* should scorn him, Shakspere will side against himself (88, 89). But if his friend is ever to hate him, let it be at once, that the bitter-

ness of death may soon be past (90). He has dared to say farewell, yet his friend's love is all the world to Shakspere, and the fear of losing him is misery (91); but he cannot really lose his friend, for death would come quickly to save him from such grief; and yet *Will* may be false and Shakspere never know it (92); so his friend, fair in seeming, false within, would be like Eve's apple (93); it is to such self-contained, passionless persons that nature intrusts her rarest gifts of grace and beauty; yet vicious self-indulgence will spoil the fairest human soul (94). So let *Will* beware of his youthful vices, already whispered by the lips of men (95); true, he makes graces out of faults, yet this should be kept within bounds (96). Here again, perhaps, is a gap of time.* Sonnets 97–99 are written in absence, which some students, perhaps rightly, call Third Absence. These three sonnets are full of tender affection, but at the close of 99 allusion is made to *Will's* vices, the canker in the rose. After this followed a period of silence. In 100 love begins to renew itself, and song awakes. Shakspere excuses his silence (101); his love has grown while he was silent (102); his friend's loveliness is better than all song (103); three years have passed since first acquaintance; *Will* looks as young as ever, yet time must insensibly be altering his beauty (104). Shakspere sings with a monotony of love (105). All former singers praising knights and ladies only prophesied concerning *Will* (106); grief and fear are past; the two friends are reconciled again; and both live forever united in Shakspere's verse (107). Love has conquered time and age, which destroy mere beauty of face (108). Shakspere confesses his errors, but now he has returned to his home of

* The last two lines of 96—not very appropriate, I think, in that sonnet—are identical with the last two lines of 36. It occurs to me as a possibility that the MS. in Thorpe's hands may here have been imperfect, and that he filled it up so far as to complete 96 with a couplet from an earlier sonnet.

love (109), he will never wander again (110); and his past faults were partly caused by his temptations as a player (111); he cares for no blame and no praise now except those of his friend (112). Once more he is absent from his friend (Fourth Absence?), but full of loving thought of him (113, 114). Love has grown and will grow yet more (115). Love is unconquerable by Time (116). Shakspere confesses again his wanderings from his friend; they were tests of *Will's* constancy (117); and they quickened his own appetite for genuine love (118). Ruined love rebuilt is stronger than at first (119); there were wrongs on both sides and must now be mutual forgiveness (120). Shakspere is not to be judged by the report of malicious censors (121); he has given away his friend's present of a table-book, because he needed no remembrancer (122); records and registers of time are false; only a lover's memory is to be wholly trusted, recognizing old things in what seem new (123); Shakspere's love is not based on self-interest, and therefore is uninfluenced by fortune (124); nor is it founded on external beauty of form or face, but is simple love for love's sake (125). *Will* is still young and fair, yet he should remember that the end must come at last (126).

Thus the series of poems addressed to his friend closes gravely with thoughts of love and death. The Sonnets may be divided at pleasure into many smaller groups, but I find it possible to go on without interruption from 1 to 32; from 33 to 42; from 43 to 74; from 75 to 96; from 97 to 99; from 100 to 126.*

I do not here attempt to trace a continuous sequence in the sonnets addressed to the dark-haired woman, 127–154; I doubt whether such continuous sequence is to be found in

* Perhaps there is a break at 58. The most careful studies of the sequence of the Sonnets are Mr. Furnivall's, in his preface to the *Leopold Shakspere*, and Mr. Spalding's, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1878.

them; but in the Notes some points of connection between sonnet and sonnet are pointed out.

If Shakspere "unlocked his heart" in these Sonnets, what do we learn from them of that great heart? I cannot answer otherwise than in words of my own formerly written. "In the Sonnets we recognize three things: that Shakspere was capable of measureless personal devotion; that he was tenderly sensitive, sensitive above all to every diminution or alteration of that love his heart so eagerly craved; and that, when wronged, although he suffered anguish, he transcended his private injury, and learned to forgive. . . . The errors of his heart originated in his sensitiveness, in his imagination (not at first inured to the hardness of fidelity to the fact), in his quick consciousness of existence, and in the self-abandoning devotion of his heart. There are some noble lines by Chapman, in which he pictures to himself the life of great energy, enthusiasms, and passions, which forever stands upon the edge of utmost danger, and yet forever remains in absolute security:

> 'Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
> Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind
> Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
> And his rapt ship runs on her side so low
> That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air;
> There is no danger to a man that knows
> What life and death is,—there's not any law
> Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
> That he should stoop to any other law.'

"Such a master-spirit, pressing forward under strained canvas, was Shakspere. If the ship dipped and drank water, she rose again; and at length we behold her within view of her haven, sailing under a large, calm wind, not without tokens of stress of weather, but if battered, yet unbroken by the waves." The last plays of Shakspere, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, *Henry VIII.*, illuminate the Sonnets and justify the moral genius of their writer.

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Comments on the Sonnets.**]

The great question is, do Shakspere's Sonnets speak his own heart and thoughts or not? And were it not for the fact that many critics really deserving the name of Shakspere students, and not Shakspere fools, have held the Sonnets to be merely dramatic, I could not have conceived that poems so intensely and evidently autobiographic and self-revealing, poems so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakspere's growth and life, could ever have been conceived to be other than what they are, the records of his own loves and fears. And I believe that if the acceptance of them as such had not involved the consequence of Shakspere's intrigue with a married woman, all readers would have taken the Sonnets as speaking of Shakspere's own life. But his admirers are so anxious to remove every stain from him that they contend for a non-natural interpretation of his poems. . . . They forget Shakspere's impulsive nature, and his long absence from his home. They will not face the probabilities of the case, or recollect that David was still God's friend though Bathsheba lived. The Sonnets are, in one sense, Shakspere's Psalms. Spiritual struggles underlie both poets' work. For myself, I 'd accept any number of "slips in sensual mire" on Shakspere's part, to have the "bursts of (loving) heart" given us in the Sonnets.

The true motto for the first group of Shakspere's Sonnets is to be seen in David's words, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." We have had them reproduced for us Victorians, without their stain of sin and shame, in Mr. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. We have had them again to some extent in Mrs. Browning's glorious Sonnets to her husband, with their iterance, "Say over again, and yet once over again, that thou

* *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. lxiii. fol.

dost love me." We may look upon the Sonnets as a piece of music, or as Shakspere's pathetic sonata, each melody introduced, dropped again, brought in again with variations, but one full strain of undying love and friendship through the whole. Why could Shakspere say so beautifully for Antonio of *The Merchant*, "All debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure"? Why did he make Antonio of *Twelfth-Night* say, "A witchcraft drew me hither"? Why did he make Viola declare—

> "And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
> To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die"?

Why did he paint Helena alone; saying—

> "'T was pretty though a plague
> To see him every hour; to sit and draw
> His arched brows, his hawking eyes, his curls,
> In our heart's table,—heart too capable
> Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
> But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
> Must sanctify his relics"?

Because he himself was Helena, Antonio. A witchcraft drew him to a "boy," a youth to whom he gave his

> "Love without pretension or restraint,
> All his in dedication."

Shakspere towards him was as Viola towards the Duke. He went

> "After him I love more than I love these eyes,
> More than my life."

In the Sonnets we have the gentle Will, the melancholy mild-eyed man, of the Droeshout portrait. Shakspere's tender, sensitive, refined nature is seen clearly here, but through a glass darkly in the plays.

I have no space to dwell on the sections into which I separate the Sonnets, and which follow in the table below. I will only call special attention to sections 9 and 11β (Nos.

71–74, 87–93), in which Shakspere's love to his friend is so beautifully set forth, and to section 13 (Nos. 97–99), in which Will's flower-like beauty is dwelt on, as Shakspere's love for him in absence recalled it. Let those who want to realize the difference between one kind of friendship and another, contrast these Sonnets of Shakspere's with Bacon's celebrated Essay on Friendship. On this point I quote the first page of a paper sent in to me at my Bedford Lectures:

"There are some men who love for the sake of what love yields, and of these was Lord Bacon; and there are some who love for 'love's sake,' and loving once, love always; and of these was Shakspere. These do not lightly give their love, but once given, their faith is incorporate with their being; and having become part of themselves, to part with that part would be to be dismembered. Therefore if change or sin corrupt the engrafted limb, the only effect is that the whole body is shaken with anguish,

> 'And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
> To bear love's wrongs, than hate's known injury.'—*Sonn.* 40.

The offending member may be nursed into health, or loved into life again; but—forsaken!—never!

> 'Love is not love,
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove.'—*Sonn.* 116.

These are not the men who reap outer advantage from their friendship; they generally give rather than take; they are often the victims of circumstance, and the scapegoats for their friends' offences; still, they reap the benefit which inward growth produces; the glorious leaven of self-abnegating love within them impregnates their whole being; they move simply and naturally among us, but we feel that they stand on a higher level than we—that they see with 'larger, other eyes than ours,' and we yield them homage, and feel better for having known them."—M. J.

The thoughtless objection that many Sonnets in this group confuse the sex of the person they 're addressed to, is so plainly answered by Shakspere himself in Sonnet 20, on the master-mistress of his passion, that one can only wonder—although a Shakspere student is bound to wonder at nothing in his commentators—that the objection was ever taken.

SONNETS.

Analysis of Group 1. Sonnets 1–126.

Section 1. Sonnets 1–26. *a.* 1–17. Will's beauty, and his duty to marry and beget a son.

β. 18–25. Will's beauty, and Shakspere's love for him.

" 2. " 26–32. First Absence. Shakspere travelling, and away from Will.

" 3. " 33–35. Will's sensual fault blamed, repented, and forgiven.

" 4. " 36–39. Shakspere has committed a fault that will separate him from Will. (? 2d absence in 39.)

" 5. " 40–42. Will has taken away Shakspere's mistress. (See Group 2, § 6, Sonnets 133–136.)

" 6. " 43–61. *a.* 43–55. Second Absence. Will absent. Shakspere has a portrait of him.

β. 56–58. The sovereign: slave watching: so made by God.

γ. 59–60. Will's beauty.

δ. 61. Waking and watching. Shakspere has *rivals*.

" 7. " 62–65. Shakspere full of self-love, conquered by Time, which will conquer Will too: yet Shakspere will secure him eternity.

" 8. " 66–70. Shakspere (like Hamlet) tired of the world: but not only on public grounds. Will has mixed with bad company; but Shakspere is sure he is pure, and excuses him.

" 9. " 71–74. Shakspere on his own death, and his entire love for his friend. (Compare the death-thoughts in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*.*)

* I do not think that "The coward conquest of a wretch's knife," 74. 11, alludes to an attempt to stab Shakspere. I believe it is the "confounding age's cruel knife" of 63. 10.

Section 10. Sonnets 75–77. Shakspere's love, and always writing on one theme, his Will; with the present of a table-book, dial, and pocket looking-glass combined in one.

" 11. " 78–93. *a.* 78–86. Shakspere on his rivals in Will's love. (G. Chapman, the rival poet.*)

β. 87–93. Shakspere's farewell to Will: most beautiful in the self-forgetfulness of Shakspere's love.

" 12. " 94–96. Will vicious; yet Shakspere loves him.

" 13. " 97–99. Third Absence. Will's flower-like beauty, and Shakspere's love for him; followed by faults on both sides, and a separation,† ended by Will's desire, 120. 11.

* "The proud full sail of his great verse" (86. 1) probably alludes to the swelling hexameters of Chapman's englishing of Homer. "His spirit, by spirits taught to write," may well refer to Chapman's claim that Homer's spirit inspired him, a claim made, no doubt, in words, before its appearance in print in his *Tears of Peace*, 1609, Inductio, p. 112, col. i., Chatto and Windus ed.—

> "I am, said he [Homer], *that spirit Elysian,*
> That . . . . . *did thy bosom fill*
> *With such a flood* of soul, that thou wert fain,
> *With exclamations of her rapture then,*
> To vent it to the echoes of the vale . . .
> . . . . . and *thou didst inherit*
> *My true sense*, for the time then, *in my spirit;*
> *And I invisibly went prompting thee.*" . . .

See, too, on Shakspere's sneer at his rival's "affable familiar ghost, which nightly gulls him with intelligence," Chapman's Dedication to his *Shadow of Night* (1594), p. 3, "not without having drops of their souls like an awaked *familiar*," and in his *Tears of Peace*, p. 123, col. 2:

> "Still being persuaded by the shameless night,
> That all my reading, writing, all my pains,
> Are serious trifles, and the idle veins
> Of *an unthrifty angel that deludes*
> *My simple fancy.*" . . . .

These make a better case for Chapman being the rival than has been made for any one else. (Mr. Harold Littledale gave me some of these references.)

† Happily not ending like that of Sir Leoline and Lord Roland de Vaux, in Coleridge.

Section 14. Sonnets 100–121. *α.* 100–112. Renewing of love, three years after the first Sonnets (104). Shakspere's love stronger now in its summer than it was in its spring, 102. 5; 119. 10–12.* Note the "hell of time" (120. 6) that Will's unkindness has made Shakspere pass.†

β. 113–114. Fourth Absence. Shakspere sees Will in all nature.

γ. 115–121. Shakspere describes his love for Will, and justifies himself.

" 15. " 122–126. Shakspere excuses himself for giving away Will's present of some tables, again describes his love for Will, and warns Will that he too must grow old.

With regard to the Second Group of Sonnets, we must always keep Shakspere's own words in No. 121 before us:

> "No, I am that I am;‡ and they that level
> At my abuses, reckon up their own:
> I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
> By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
> Unless this general evil they maintain,—
> All men are bad, and in their badness reign."

Still I think it is plain that Shakspere had become involved in an intrigue with a married woman, who threw him over for his friend Will. She was dark, had beautiful eyes, and was a fine musician, but false. The most repulsive of the Sonnets is no doubt No. 129. But that and the others plainly show that Shakspere knew that his love was his sin (142),

* The doctrine here that "ruin'd love, when it is built anew, Grows fairer than at first" was also put into Tennyson's *Princess* in its "Blessings on the falling-out, that all the more endears;" but was rightly taken out again.

† "And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."—*Coleridge.*

‡ Compare Iago's "I am not what I am," in *Othello*, i. 1, and Parolles's "Simply the thing I am shall make me live," in *All 's Well*, iv. 3.

and that in his supposed heaven he found hell.* Adultery in those days was no new thing, was treated with an indifference that we wonder at now. What was new, is that which Shakspere shows us, his deep repentance for the sin committed. Sad as it may be to us to be forced to conclude that shame has to be cast on the noble name we reverence, yet let us remember that it is but for a temporary stain on his career, and that through the knowledge of the human heart he gained by his own trials we get the intensest and most valuable records of his genius. It is only those who have been through the mill themselves, that know how hard God's stones and the devil's grind.

The Second Group of Sonnets, 127–154, I divide into—

Section 1. Sonnet 127. On his mistress's dark complexion, brows, and eyes. (Cf. Berowne on his dark Rosaline, in *Love's Labours Lost.*)

" 2. " 128. On her, his music, playing music (the virginals).

" 3. " 129. On her, after enjoying her. He laments his weakness.

" 4. " 130. On her, a chaffing description of her. (Compare Marlowe's *Ignoto; Lingua*, before 1603, in *Dodsley*, ix. 370; and Shirley's *Sisters:* "Were it not fine," etc.)

" 5. " 131–132. Though plain to others, his mistress is fairest to Shakspere's doting heart. But her deeds are black; and her black eyes pity him.

" 6. " 133–136. She has taken his friend Will from him (cf. 40–42). He asks her to restore his friend (134), or to take him as part of her (and his) Will (135). If she 'll but love his name, she 'll love him (Shakspere), as his name too is Will (136).

" 7. " 137–145. Shakspere knows his mistress is not beautiful, and that she 's false, but he loves her (137). Each lies to and flatters the other (138). Still if she 'll only *look* kindly on him, it 'll be enough (139). She must not look too cruelly, or he might despair and go mad, and tell

* Sonnets 119. 2, 8; 147. 1, 14.

the world that ill of her that it would only too soon believe (140). He loves her in spite of his senses (141). She has broken her bed-vow; then let her pity him (142). She may catch his friend if she will but give him a smile (143). He has two loves, a fair man, a dark woman who 'd corrupt the man (144, the *Key Sonnet*). She was going to say she hated him, but, seeing his distress, said, not him (145).

Section 8. Sonnet 146. (? Misplaced.) A remonstrance with himself, on spending too much, either on dress or outward self-indulgence, and exhorting himself to give it up for inward culture. (The blank for two words in line 2, I fill with "Hemm'd with:" cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 1022, "Hemm'd with thieves.") He declares his belief in the immortality of the soul in line 14.

" 9. " 147-148. Shakspere's feverish love drives him mad, his doctor—Reason—being set aside (147). Love has obscured his sight (148).

" 10. " 149–152. He gives himself up wholly to his mistress; loves whom she loves, hates whom she hates (149). The worst of her deeds he loves better than any other's best (150). The more he ought to hate her, the more he loves her. He is content to be her drudge, for he loves her (151). Yet he 's forsworn, for he 's told lies of her goodness, and she has broken her bed-vow; he has broken twenty oaths (152).

" 11. " 153-154. (May be made Group III., or Division 2 of Group II.). Two sonnets lighter in tone. In both Cupid sleeps, has his brand put out, in (153) a fountain, (154) a well, which the brand turns into medical baths; Shakspere comes for cure to each, but finds none. He wants his mistress's eyes for that (153). Water cools not love (154).

The Sonnets stretch, I believe, over many years; the existence of a few, even the first six-and-twenty, in 1598 would satisfy Meres's mention. That three years elapsed between the Sonnets 100–112 and certain former Sonnets is clear from

104. . . . But, whatever their date, I wish to say, with all the emphasis I can, that in my belief no one can understand Shakspere who does not hold that his Sonnets are autobiographical, and that they explain the depths of the soul of the Shakspere who wrote the plays. I know that Mr. Browning is against this view, and holds that if Shakspere *did* "unlock his heart in his Sonnets," then "the less Shakspere he." But I'd rather take, on this question, the witness of the greatest poetess of our Victorian, nay, of all time yet, and ask whether she was the less, or the greater and truer, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, or poet, because she unlockt *her* heart in *her* Sonnets, or because she "went forward and confessed to her critics that her poems had her *heart and life* in them, they were not empty shells!" "I have done my work, so far, as work,—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain" (preface to ed. of 1844). And this is why she has drawn to her all noble souls. If any poet has failed in attaining the like result, let him know that it is because he has not used her means. He has kept his readers outside him, and they in return have kept him outside them, not taking him, as they've taken her, into their hearts. It is the heart's voice alone that can stir other hearts. I always ask that the Sonnets should be read between the Second and Third Periods,* for the "hell of time" of which they speak is the best preparation for the temper of that Third Period, and enables us to understand it. The fierce and stern decree of that Period seems to me to be, "there shall be vengeance, death, for misjudgment, failure in duty, self-indulgence, sin," and the innocent who belong to the guilty shall suffer with them: Portia, Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, lie beside Brutus, Hamlet, Othello, Lear.

* For Mr. Furnivall's classification of Shakespeare's plays and poems, see our ed. of *A. Y. L.* p. 25.—*Ed.*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

TO · THE · ONLIE · BEQETTER · OF ·

THESE · INSVINQ · SONNETS ·

Mr. W. H. ALL · HAPPINESSE ·

AND · THAT · ETERNITIE ·

PROMISED ·

BY ·

OVR · EVER-LIVINQ · POET ·

WISHETH ·

THE · WELL-WISHINQ ·

ADVENTVRER · IN ·

SETTINQ ·

FORTH ·

T. T.

HEAD OF EROS (CUPID), FROM THE ANTIQUE

SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory;
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou, that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
  Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
  To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held;
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
  Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
  Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:
  But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
  Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

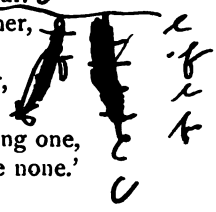
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing;
  Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
  Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'



IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
  No love toward others in that bosom sits
  That on himself such murtherous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murtherous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove;
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more,
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white,
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live;
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts! Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unset
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit;
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song;
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
  So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
  Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
  My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ;
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
  Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,—
  They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
  Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
  Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd,
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expir'd;
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one;
So shall those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store.
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman wooes, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth,—
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
  But here 's the joy; my friend and I are one;
  Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
  All days are nights to see till I see thee,
  And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy; but then, no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,—
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impanelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part;
As thus: mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade:
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I 'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed.
Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'T is thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn,
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring—
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life;
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age,
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage,
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store,—
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill;
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad!

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd;
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you!
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me.
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
  But thou art all my art, and dost advance
  As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
  Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
  Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wrack'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride.
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself being extant well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say ''T is so, 't is true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For, bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I 'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee against myself I 'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt—if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend;
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new,
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place;
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport:
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less;
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit,
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd'?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new and then but in the spring
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my muse brings forth,
That, having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true' have often liv'd alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What 's in the brain that ink may character
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end;
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
  You are so strongly in my purpose bred
  That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch.
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
  Incapable of more, replete with you,
  My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup;
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But, reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things,
Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd
And brought to medicine a healthful state
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd;
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
  But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
  Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'T is better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling but by others' seeing;
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
  Unless this general evil they maintain,
  All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow and this shall ever be:
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass his fickle hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure;
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem;
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murtherous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain;
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face.
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part!
Then will I swear beauty herself is black
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told;
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside;
What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries;
Yet do not so, but since I am near slain
Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so,
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be;
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee;
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind:
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind;
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said 'I hate'
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet.
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Press'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's no.
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lower'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove;
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Coll., Collier (second edition).
D., Dyce (second edition).
Dowden, Prof. E. Dowden's eds. of the *Sonnets* (see p. 11, foot-note, above).
Gildon, Chas. Gildon's ed. of Shakespeare's *Poems* (London, 1710).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Lintott, the 1709 ed. of the *Poems* (see p. 10 above).
Massey, Gerald Massey's *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, etc. (London, 1866). Cf. p. 21 above.
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Palgrave, F. T. Palgrave's ed. of Shakespeare's *Songs and Sonnets* (London, 1879).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sewell, Geo. Sewell's ed. of the *Poems* (7th vol. of Pope's ed. of 1725).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant. The numbers of the lines in the references are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.

CHILD
MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

THE DEDICATION.—*The only begetter.* Boswell remarks: "The *begetter* is merely the person who *gets* or *procures* a thing. So in Dekker's *Satiromastix:* 'I have some cousin-germans at court shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king's revels.' W. H. was probably one of the friends to whom Shakespeare's 'sugred sonnets,' as they are termed by Meres, had been communicated, and who furnished the printer with

his copy." W. says: "This dedication is not written in the common phraseology of its period; it is throughout a piece of affectation and elaborate quaintness, in which the then antiquated prefix *be-* might be expected to occur; *beget* being used for *get*, as Wiclif uses *betook* for *took* in *Mark*, xv. 1: 'And ledden him and betoken him to Pilate.'" Cf. Gr. 438.

SONNET I.—As Boswell and Boaden note, this and the following sonnets are only an expansion of *V. and A.* 169–174: "Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed," etc.

"Herr Krauss (*Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, 1881) cites, as a parallel to the arguments in favour of marriage in these sonnets, the versified dialogue between Geron and Histor at the close of Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. iii." (Dowden).

2. *Rose.* In the quarto the word is printed in italics and with a capital. See on 20. 8 below.

6. *Self-substantial fuel.* "Fuel of the substance of the flame itself" (Dowden).

10. *Gaudy.* Gay and showy. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 812: "Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love," etc.

12. *Mak'st waste in niggarding.* Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 223:

> "*Benvolio.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
> *Romeo.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste."

13. *Pity the world*, etc. "Pity the world, or else be a glutton, devouring the world's due, by means of the grave (which will else swallow your beauty—cf. *Sonn.* 77. 6) and of yourself, who refuse to beget offspring" (Dowden). Steevens conjectured "be thy grave and thee" = "be at once thyself and thy grave."

II.—"In *Sonn.* 1 the Friend is 'contracted to his own bright eyes;' such a marriage is fruitless, and at forty the eyes will be 'deep-sunken.' The 'glutton' of 1 reappears here in the phrase 'all-eating shame;' the 'makest waste' of 1 reappears in the 'thriftless praise' of 2. If the youth addressed were now to marry, at forty he might have a son of his present age, that is, about twenty" (Dowden).*

4. *Tatter'd.* The quarto has "totter'd," as in 26. 11 below. Cf. *K. John*, p. 178, note on *Tottering.* For *weed* (=garment), see *M. N. D.* p. 149.

---

* We reprint Dowden's introductory notes to each sonnet, but we must call attention here to his own comments upon them:

"Repeated perusals have convinced me that the Sonnets stand in the right order, and that sonnet is connected with sonnet in more instances than have been observed. My notes on each sonnet commonly begin with an attempt to point out the little links or articulations in thought and word, which connect it with its predecessor or the group to which it belongs. I frankly warn the reader that I have pushed this kind of criticism far, perhaps too far. I have perhaps in some instances fancied points of connection which have no real existence; some I have set down, which seem to myself conjectural. After this warning, I ask the friendly reader not to grow too soon impatient: and if, going through the text carefully, he will consider for himself the points which I have noted, I have a hope that he will in many instances see reason to agree with what I have said."

8. *Thriftless.* Unprofitable; as in *T. N.* ii. 2. 40: "What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!"

11. *Shall sum my count*, etc. "Shall complete my account, and serve as the excuse of my oldness" (Dowden). Hazlitt reads "whole" for *old*.

III.—"A proof by example of the truth set forth in 2. Here is a parent finding in a child the excuse for age and wrinkles. But here that parent is the mother. Were the father of Shakspere's friend living, it would have been natural to mention him: 13. 14 'you had a father' confirms our impression that he was dead.

"There are two kinds of mirrors—first, that of glass; secondly, a child who reflects his parent's beauty" (Dowden).

5. *Unear'd.* Unploughed. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 192, note on *Ear*. For the figure, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 233: "He plough'd her, and she cropp'd." Steevens quotes *M. for M.* i. 4. 43. W. aptly remarks that the expression is "the converse of the common metaphor 'virgin soil.'"

7. *Fond.* Foolish; the usual meaning in S. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 163. For the passage Malone compares *V. and A.* 757–761.

9. *Thy mother's glass*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 1758, where Lucretius says:

> "Poor broken glass, I often did behold
> In thy sweet semblance my old age new born."

11. *Windows of thine age.* Malone quotes *L. C.* 14: "Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age."

13. *Live.* Capell conjectures "love."

IV.—"In *Sonn.* 3 Shakspere has viewed his friend as an inheritor of beauty from his mother; this legacy of beauty is now regarded as the bequest of nature. The ideas of unthriftiness (1) and niggardliness (5) are derived from *Sonn.* 1, 2; the 'audit' (12) is another form of the 'sum my count' of 2. 11. The new idea introduced in this Sonnet is that of usury, which reappears in 6. 5, 6" (Dowden).

3. *Nature's bequest*, etc. Dowden quotes *M. for M.* i. 1. 36:

> "Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
> The smallest scruple of her excellence
> But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
> Herself the glory of a creditor,
> Both thanks and use."

Steevens compares Milton, *Comus*, 679:

> "Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
> And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
> For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
> But you invert the covenants of her trust,
> And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
> With that which you receiv'd on other terms."

See also *Id.* 720–727.

4. *Free.* Liberal, bountiful. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 100: "His heart and hand both open and both free," etc.

8. *Live.* Subsist. "With all your usury you have not a livelihood,

for, trafficking only with yourself, you put a cheat upon yourself, and win nothing by such usury" (Dowden).

12. *Audit.* Printed in italics and with a capital in the quarto. See on 1. 2 above. *Acceptable* (note the accent) is used by S. nowhere else.

14. *Th' executor.* Malone reads "thy executor" (the conjecture of Capell).

V.—"In *Sonn.* 5 and 6, youth and age are compared to the seasons of the year; in 7, they are compared to morning and evening, the seasons of the day" (Dowden).

1. *Hours.* A dissyllable. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* p. 151. Gr. 480.

2. *Gaze.* Object gazed at; as in *Mach.* v. 8. 24: "Live to be the show and gaze o' the time."

4. *And that unfair*, etc. "And render that which was once beautiful no longer fair" (Malone). *Unfair* is the only instance of the verb (or the word) in S. Cf. *fairing* in 127. 6 below.

6. *Confounds.* Destroys. Cf. 60. 8, 64. 10, and 69. 7 below.

8. *Bareness.* Sewell (2d ed.) has "barrenness." Cf. 97. 4 below.

9. *Distillation.* Perfumes distilled from flowers. Malone compares *Sonn.* 54 and *M. N. D.* i. 1. 76: "Earthlier happy is the rose distill'd," etc.

11. *Bereft.* Taken away, lost.

14. *Leese.* "Lose" (Sewell's reading). Dowden notes that the word occurs in 1 *Kings*, xviii. 5, in the ed. of 1611 (*lose* in modern eds.).

VI.—"This sonnet carries on the thoughts of 4 and 5—the distilling of perfumes from the former, and the interest paid on money from the latter" (Dowden).

1. *Ragged.* Rugged, rough. See *A. Y. L.* p. 160.

5. *Use.* Interest. Cf. *V. and A.* 768: "But gold that 's put to use more gold begets;" and see also 134. 10 below.

6. *Happies.* Makes happy; the only instance of the verb in S.

13. *Self-will'd.* Delius conjectures "self-kill'd."

VII.—"After imagery drawn from summer and winter, S. finds new imagery in morning and evening" (Dowden).

7. *Yet mortal looks adore*, etc. Malone quotes *R. and J.* i. 1. 125:

> "Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
> Peer'd forth the golden window of the east."

10. *Reeleth.* Dowden quotes *R. and J.* ii. 3. 3:

> "And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
> From forth day's path."

11. *Fore.* So in the quarto; "'fore" in the modern eds. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 155. *Converted*=turned away; as in 11. 4 below.

On the passage, Dowden compares *T. of A.* i. 2. 150: "Men shut their doors against a setting sun."

13. *Thyself*, etc. "Passing beyond your zenith" (Dowden).

VIII.—1. *Music to hear.* Thou, to hear whom is music. Malone

thought S. might have written "Music to ear"="Thou whose every accent is music to the ear."

14. *Wilt prove none.* Perhaps, as Dowden suggests, an allusion to the proverbial expression that "one is no number." Cf. 136. 8: "Among a number one is reckon'd none." See also *R. and J.* p. 146, note on 32. The meaning seems to be that "since many make but one, one will prove also less than itself, that is, will prove none."

IX.—"The thought of married happiness in 8—husband, child, and mother united in joy—suggests its opposite, the grief of a weeping widow. 'Thou single wilt prove none' of 8. 14 is carried on in 'consum'st thyself in single life' of 9. 2" (Dowden).

4. *Makeless.* Without a *make*, or mate. For *make*, cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 11. 2: "That was as trew in love as Turtle to her make;" *Id.* iv. 2. 30: "And each not farre behinde him had his make," etc. In Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, the Host forms a hieroglyphic to express the proverb "A heavy purse makes a light heart," which he interprets thus:

> "There 't is exprest! first, by a purse of gold,
> *A heavy purse*, and then two turtles, *makes*,
> A heart with a light stuck in 't, *a light heart*."

9. *Unthrift.* Prodigal; as in 13. 13 below. In *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 122, the only other instance of the noun in S., it is =good-for-nothing.

10. *His.* Its; referring to *what*.

12. *The user.* The one having the *use* of it, the possessor. Sewell reads "the us'rer."

X.—"The 'murtherous shame' of 9. 14 reappears in the 'For shame!' and 'murtherous hate' of 10. In 9 Shakspere denies that his friend loves any one; he carries on the thought in the opening of 10, and this leads up to his friend's love of Shakspere, which is first mentioned in this sonnet" (Dowden).

7. *Ruinate*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 944: "To ruinate proud buildings," etc. The meaning is, "seeking to bring to ruin that house (that is, family) which it ought to be your chief care to repair." Dowden adds: "these lines confirm the conjecture that the father of Shakspere's friend was dead." Cf. 13. 9-14 below. For the figure, cf. also 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 83 and *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 9.

9. *Thy thought.* Thy purpose of not marrying.

XI.—"The first five lines enlarge on the thought (10. 14) of beauty living 'in thine;' showing how the beauty of a child may be called *thine*" (Dowden).

2. *Departest.* *From* may be understood, the preposition (Gr. 394) being often omitted in relative sentences when it has been previously expressed; or the verb may be transitive, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 91: "Depart the chamber," etc.

4. *Convertest.* Dost turn away. Cf. 7. 11 above and 14. 12 below. Note the rhyme with *departest*, and see also 14. 12, 17. 2, 49. 10, and 72. 6 below.

7. *The times.* "The generations of men" (Dowden).

9. *For store.* "To be preserved for *use*" (Malone). Schmidt makes *store*="increase of men, fertility, population."

11. *Look, whom she best endow'd*, etc. To whom she gave much she gave more. Cf. *Matt.* xiii. 12: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." Sewell (1st ed.), Malone, St., Delius, and H. read "gave thee more;" making *whom she best endow'd*="however liberal she may have been to others" (Malone).

14. *Not let that copy die.* Malone compares *T. N.* i. 5. 261:

> "Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
> If you will lead these graces to the grave
> And leave the world no copy."

XII.—"This sonnet seems to be a gathering into one of 5, 6, and 7. Lines 1, 2, like *Sonn.* 7, speak of the decay and loss of the brightness and beauty of the *day;* lines 3–8, like *Sonn.* 5 and 6, of the loss of the sweets and beauties of the *year*" (Dowden).

2. *Brave.* Beautiful. Cf. 15. 8 below. See also *Ham.* ii. 2. 312: "this brave o'erhanging firmament," etc.

3. *Violet past prime.* Dowden compares *Ham.* i. 3. 7: "A violet in the youth of primy nature."

4. *Sable curls all silver'd.* The quarto has "or siluer'd;" corrected by Malone. The Camb. ed. notes an anonymous conjecture, "o'er-silvered with white." Steevens compares *Ham.* i. 2. 242:

> "It was, as I have seen it in his life,
> A sable silver'd;"

referring to the Ghost's beard.

8. *Beard:* Capell ("C." in the Var. of 1821) quotes *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 95:

> "the green corn
> Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard."

9. *Question make.* Consider. Elsewhere it is=doubt; as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 156, 184, *L. C.* 321, etc.

14. *Save breed*, etc. "Except children, whose youth may set the scythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death less painful" (Malone).

XIII.—"Shakspere imagines his friend in 12. 14, borne away by Time. It is only while he lives here that he is his own (1, 2). Note *you* and *your* instead of *thy, thine*, and the address *my love* for the first time" (Dowden). Cf. p. 27 above.

1. *Yourself.* That is, master of yourself; as the context shows.

5. *Beauty which you hold in lease.* Malone compares Daniel's *Delia*, 47:

> "in beauty's lease expir'd appears
> The date of age, the calends of our death."

6. *Determination.* End; the legal sense. On the passage, cf. *V. and A.* 171 fol.

10. *Husbandry.* Economy, thrift. Cf. *Macb.* p. 183.

13. *Unthrifts.* See on 9. 9 above.

14. *You had a father.* Dowden compares *A. W.* i. 1. 19: "This young gentlewoman had a father—O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 't is!" See on 10. 7 above; but cf. p. 185 below.

XIV.—"In 13 S. predicts stormy winter and the cold of death; he now explains what his astrology is, and at the close of the sonnet repeats his melancholy prediction" (Dowden).

1, 2. Dowden quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iii.: "O sweet Philoclea, . . . thy heavenly face is my astronomy;" and *Astrophel and Stella* (ed. 1591), Sonn. 26:

> "Though dusty wits dare scorn astrology
> * * * * *
> [I] oft forejudge my after-following race
> By only those two stars in Stella's face."

So Daniel, *Delia*, 30 (on Delia's eyes):

> "Stars are they sure, whose motions rule desires;
> And calm and tempest follow their aspects."

6. *Pointing.* Pointing out, appointing. See *T. of S.* p. 148. Cf. Bacon, *Essay* 45 (ed. of 1625): "But this to be, if you doe not point, any of the lower Roomes, for a Dining Place of Servants;" and *Essay* 58: "Pointing Daves for Pitched Fields," etc. *His*=its; as in 9. 10 above.

8. *Oft predict.* Frequent prediction or prognostication. Sewell reads "ought predict" (=anything predicted).

9. *From thine eyes*, etc. Steevens quotes *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 350: "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive," etc.

11–14. Dowden puts *Truth . . . convert* and *Thy end . . . date* in quotation marks, explaining *read such art* as ="gather by reading such truths of science as the following."

12. *Store.* See on 11. 9 above. Malone paraphrases thus: "If thou wouldst change thy single state, and beget a numerous progeny."

Convert here rhymes with *art*, as in Daniel's *Delia*, 11, with *heart* (Dowden). See on 11. 4 above, and cf. *R. of L.* 592.

XV.—"Introduces Verse as an antagonist of Time. The stars in 14 determining weather, plagues, dearths, and fortune of princes reappear in 15. 4, commenting in secret influence on the shows of this world" (Dowden).

3. *Stage.* Malone reads "state;" but, as Dowden notes, the theatrical words *presenteth* (see *M. N. D.* p. 156) and *shows* confirm the old text.

9. *Conceit.* Conception, imagination; as in 108. 13 below. Cf. *Ham.* p. 238.

11. *Debateth.* Combats, contends. Malone quotes *A. W.* i. 2. 75:

> "nature and sickness
> Debate it at their leisure."

Schmidt may be right in putting the present passage under *debate*=discuss. Dowden hesitates between the two explanations.

XVI.—"The gardening image *engraft* in 15. 14 suggests the thought of 'maiden gardens' and 'living flowers' of this sonnet" (Dowden).

6. *Maiden gardens yet unset.* Malone compares *L. C.* 171: "Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew."

7. *Bear your living flowers.* Lintott, Gildon, Malone, H., and others change *your* to "you;" but, as Dowden says, "*your living flowers* stands over against *your painted counterfeit.*"

8. *Much liker*, etc. Much more like you than your painted portrait is. For *counterfeit*, cf. *M. of V.* p. 150.

9. *Lines of life.* Probably = "living pictures, that is, children" (an anonymous explanation in the Var. of 1821). Dowden remarks: "The unusual expression is selected because it suits the imagery of the sonnet, *lines* applying to (1) lineage, (2) delineation with a pencil, a portrait, (3) lines of verse, as in 18. 12. *Lines of life* are living lines, living poems and pictures, children." H. reads "line of life," which he makes = "living line, or lineage."

10. *This time's pencil.* We are inclined to think this is =any painter of the time. Massey supposes that some particular artist is referred to, perhaps Mirevelt, who painted the Earl of Southampton's portrait. The quarto reads "this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)," etc., and the modern eds. generally read "this, Time's pencil," etc. Dowden asks: "Are we to understand the line as meaning 'Which this pencil of Time or this my pupil pen;' and is Time here conceived as a limner who has painted the youth so fair, but whose work cannot last for future generations? In 19 'Devouring Time' is transformed into a scribe; may not 'tyrant Time' be transformed here into a painter? In 20 it is Nature who paints the face of the beautiful youth. This masterpiece of twenty years can endure neither as painted by Time's pencil, nor as represented by Shakspere's unskilful, pupil pen. Is the *painted counterfeit* Shakspere's portrayal in his verse? Cf. 53. 5."

11. *Fair.* Beauty. Cf. 18. 7, 68. 3, and 83. 2 below.

XVII.—"In 16 Shakspere has said that his 'pupil pen' cannot make his friend live to future ages. He now carries on this thought; his verse, although not showing half his friend's excellencies, will not be believed in times to come" (Dowden).

2. *Deserts.* For the rhyme with *parts*, see on 14. 12 above. Cf. 72. 6 below.

12. *Stretched metre.* "Overstrained poetry" (Dowden). Keats took this line for the motto of his *Endymion.*

13, 14. "If a child were alive his beauty would verify the descriptions in Shakspere's verse, and so the friend would possess a twofold life, in his child and in his poet's rhyme" (Dowden).

XVIII.—"Shakspere takes heart, expects immortality for his verse, and so immortality for his friend as surviving in it" (Dowden).

3. *Rough winds do shake*, etc. Malone quotes *Cymb.* i. 3. 36:

> "And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
> Shakes all our buds from growing;"

and *T. of S.* v. 2. 140: "as whirlwinds shake fair buds."

5. *Eye of heaven.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 37: "the searching eye of heaven;" and *R. of L.* 356: "The eye of heaven is out."

7. *Fair.* Beauty. See on 16. 11 above. So in 10 below, *fair thou owest*=beauty thou possessest. For *owe*, cf. 70. 14 below.

14. *So long lives this.* This anticipation of immortality for their works was a common conceit with the poets of the time. Cf. Spenser, *Amoretti*, 27, 69, 95; Drayton, *Idea*, 6, 44; Daniel, *Delia*, 39, etc.

XIX.—"Shakspere, confident of the immortality of his friend in verse, defies Time" (Dowden).

1. *Devouring.* Walker conjectures "Destroying."

4. *Phœnix.* For allusions to the phœnix in S., see *A. Y. L.* p. 189, note on 17.

5. *Fleets.* The quarto has "fleet'st;" but the analogy of 8. 7 ("confounds") favours Dyce's emendation, which is also adopted by Dowden and H.

10. *Antique.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S.

XX.—"His friend is 'beauty's pattern' (19. 12); as such he owns the attributes of male and female beauty" (Dowden).

Palgrave omits this sonnet, with 151, 153, and 154.

1. *With Nature's own hand painted.* Not artificially coloured—a fashion which S. detested, as he did false hair. See *L. L. L.* p. 151, note on 254.

2. *Master-mistress of my passion.* "Who sways my love with united charms of man and woman" (Dowden).

5. *Less false in rolling.* Dowden compares Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 1. 41:

> "Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
> Did roll too lightly."

8. *Hues.* Printed in the quarto in italics and with a capital. This led Tyrwhitt to surmise that "Mr. W. H." might be Mr. William Hews, or Hughes. But the following words are all printed in the same manner: *Rose*, 1. 2; *Audit*, 4. 12; *Statues*, 55. 5; *Intrim*, 56. 9; *Alien*, 78. 3; *Satire*, 100. 11; *Autumne*, 104. 5; *Abisme*, 112. 9; *Alcumie*, 114. 4; *Syren*, 119. 1; *Hereticke*, 124. 9; *Informer*, 125. 13; *Audite*, 126. 11; and *Quietus*, 126. 12. The word *hue* was used by Elizabethan writers not only in the sense of *complexion*, but also in that of *shape, form.* In Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 9. 17, Talus tries to seize Malengin, who transforms himself into a fox, a bush, a bird, a stone, and then a hedgehog:

> "Then gan it [the hedgehog] run away incontinent,
> Being returned to his former hew."

The meaning here may then be "A man in form and appearance, having the mastery over all forms in that of his, which steals, etc." (Dowden).

11. *Defeated.* Disappointed, defrauded. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 161:

> "They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
> Thereby to have defeated you and me,
> You of your wife, and me of my consent."

13. *Prick'd.* Marked. See *J. C.* p. 160; and for the equivoque cf. *2 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 122.

XXI.—"The first line of 20 suggests this sonnet. The face of Shakspere's friend is painted by Nature alone, and so too there is no false painting, no poetical hyperbole, in the description. As containing examples of such extravagant comparisons, amorous fancies, far-fetched conceits of sonnet-writers as S. here speaks of, Mr. Main (*Treasury of English Sonnets*, p. 283) cites Spenser's *Amoretti*, 9 and 64; Daniel's *Delia*, 19; Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, Sonn. 48. Compare also Griffin's *Fidessa*, Sonn. 39; and Constable's *Diana* (1594), the 6th Decade, Sonn. 1" (Dowden). *Sonn.* 130 is in the same vein as this.

1. *So is it not*, etc. "I am not like that poet who exaggerates in praise of a painted beauty, coupling her with all other beauty in earth or heaven" (Palgrave).

5. *Couplement.* Union, combination. The quarto has "cooplement." Gildon reads "complement," and Sewell (2d ed.) "compliment." For *compare* as a noun, cf. 35. 6 and 130. 14 below.

8. *Rondure.* Circle. Cf. *roundure* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 259.

12. *Gold candles.* Malone compares *M. of V.* v. 1. 220: "these blessed candles of the night;" *R. and J.* iii. 5. 9: "Night's candles are burnt out;" and *Macb.* ii. 1. 5:

> "There's husbandry in heaven;
> Their candles are all out."

13. *That like of hearsay well.* Apparently referring to the commonplace style of which he has been speaking. Schmidt makes it = "that fall in love with what has been praised by others;" and Dowden "that like to be buzzed about by talk." For *like of* = like, see *L. L. L.* p. 130. Cf. Gr. 177.

14. *I will not praise*, etc. Steevens quotes *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 239:

> "Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not;
> To things of sale a seller's praise belongs."

Cf. also 102. 3 below.

XXII.—"The praise of his friend's beauty suggests by contrast Shakspere's own face marred by time. He comforts himself by claiming his friend's beauty as his own. Lines 11–14 give the first hint of possible wrong committed by the youth against friendship" (Dowden).

4. *Expiate.* Bring to an end. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 3. 23: "Make haste; the hour of death is expiate;" and see the note in our ed. p. 213. Here, as there, Steevens conjectures "expirate," which W. and H. adopt. Surely there is no need of coining a word to replace one which S. twice uses and which can be plausibly explained. Malone quotes Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracie*, in which an old courtier speaks of himself as "A poor and expiate humour of the court."

XXIII.—"The sincerity and silent love of his verses; returning to the thought of 21" (Dowden).

1. *As an unperfect actor*, etc. Malone compares *Cor.* v. 3. 40:

> "Like a dull actor now,
> I have forgot my part, and I am out,
> Even to a full disgrace."

S. uses *unperfect* only here; but we find *unperfectness* in *Oth.* ii. 3. 298.

2. *Besides.* For the prepositional use, cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 92: "Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?" See our ed. p. 158, or Gr. 34.

5. *For fear of trust.* Fearing to trust myself. Schmidt makes it = "doubting of being trusted;" but the context clearly confirms the explanation we have given. Dowden calls attention to the construction of the first eight lines, 5, 6 referring to 1, 2, and 7, 8 to 3, 4.

6. *Ceremony.* H. says that the word "is here used as a trisyllable, as if spelt *cer'mony*;" but how he would scan the verse we cannot imagine. The word is clearly a quadrisyllable, as almost always in S.

9. *Books.* Sewell reads "looks;" but, as Malone notes, the old reading is supported by 13 below. The *books*, as Dowden remarks, are probably the manuscript books in which the poet writes his sonnets.

12. *More than that tongue*, etc. "More than that tongue (the tongue of another than S.) which hath more fully expressed more ardours of love, or more of your perfections" (Dowden).

XXIV.—"Suggested by the thought (22. 6) of Shakspere's heart being lodged in his friend's breast, and by the conceit of 23. 14; there eyes are able to hear through love's fine wit; here eyes do other singular things, play the painter" (Dowden).

1. *Stell'd.* Fixed. Cf. *Battle of Bothwell Bridge* (Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*): "They stell'd their cannons on the height." See *V. and A.* p. 195. Here the quarto has "steeld;" corrected by D. (the conjecture of Capell).

2. *Table.* The *tablet* or surface on which a picture is painted. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 106 and *K. John*, ii. 1. 503 (see our ed. p. 150).

4. *Perspective.* The word in S. means either a kind of picture which was so painted as to be distinct only when viewed obliquely, or a kind of glass employed to produce optical illusions. See the long note in *Rich. II.* p. 180. Here the meaning seems to be that the poet's eye (*the painter*) is that *through* which the person addressed must look to see his *image*, or picture, hanging in the *bosom's shop*, or heart, within. For the accent of *perspective*, see Gr. 492.

Dowden remarks: "The strange conceits in this sonnet are paralleled in Constable's *Diana* (1594), Sonn. 5 (p. 4, ed. Hazlitt):

> 'Thine eye, the glasse where I behold my heart,
> Mine eye, the window through the which thine eye
> May see my heart, and there thyselfe espy
> In bloody colours how thou painted art.'

Compare also Watson's *Teares of Fancie* (1593), Sonn. 45, 46 (ed. Arber, p. 201):

> 'My Mistres seeing her faire counterfet
> So sweetelie framed in my bleeding brest
> * * * * * * * * *
> But it so fast was fixed to my heart,'" etc.

11. *Where-through.* Cf. *where-against* in *Cor.* iv. 5. 113, *whereout* in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 245, *where-until* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 493, etc.

XXV.—"In this sonnet S. makes his first complaint against Fortune, against his low condition. He is about to undertake a journey on some needful business of his own (26, 27), and rejoices to think that at least in one place he has a fixed abode, in his friend's heart" (Dowden).

Prof. Hales (*Cornhill Mag.* Jan. 1877) suggests that the journeys spoken of in the *Sonnets* may have been from London to Stratford.

5. *Great princes' favourites*, etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 8:

> "Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites
> Made proud by princes," etc.

Hales thinks that Essex or Raleigh may have furnished the suggestion of the simile.

6. *The marigold.* The "garden marigold" (*Calendula officinalis*). Cf. the long note in *W. T.* p. 191; and see also *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 155, note on 10.

9. *For fight.* The quarto reads "for worth;" corrected by Malone at the suggestion of Theo., who also proposed *forth* for the rhyming word in 11 if *worth* was retained. W. adopts the latter reading. Capell proposed "for might;" and Steevens suggested this delectable emendation:

> "The painful warrior for worth famoused,
> After a thousand victories once foil'd,
> Is from the book of honour quite razed," etc.

XXVI.—"In 25 S. is in disfavour with his stars, and unwillingly—as I suppose—about to undertake some needful journey. He now sends this written embassage to his friend (perhaps it is the *Envoy* to the preceding group of sonnets), and dares to anticipate a time when the 'star that guides his *moving*,' now unfavourable, may point on him graciously with fair aspect" (Dowden).

Drake writes (*Shakspeare and His Times*, vol. ii. p. 63): "Perhaps one of the most striking proofs of this position [that the Sonnets are addressed to the Earl of Southampton] is the hitherto unnoticed fact that the language of the *Dedication to the Rape of Lucrece*, and that of part of the *twenty-sixth sonnet* are almost precisely the same. The *Dedication* runs thus: 'The *love* I dedicate to your Lordship is without end. . . . The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part of all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater.'" Capell had previously noted the parallel.

2. *My duty strongly knit.* Steevens quotes *Macb.* iii. 1. 15.

8. *In thy soul's thought*, etc. That is, "I hope some happy idea of yours will convey my duty, even naked as it is, into your soul's thought" (Dowden). For *bestow* (=stow, deposit), see *C. of E.* p. 114. Sewell has "my" for *thy*.

10. *Aspect.* Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S.

11. *Tatter'd.* The quarto has "tottered." See on 2. 4 above.
12. *Respect.* Regard, consideration. The quarto has "their" for *thy*, as in 27. 10 below.

XXVII.—"Written on a journey, which removes S. farther and farther from his friend" (Dowden).
3. *Head.* Dowden omits the comma after this word, thinking that the construction may be "a journey in my head begins to work my mind."
6. *Intend.* Here Schmidt makes the word = "bend, direct;" as in *M. W.* ii. 1. 188, 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 92, *A. and C.* v. 2. 201, etc.
9. *Imaginary.* Imaginative. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 265: "foul imaginary eyes of blood" (that is, the sanguinary eyes of my imagination), etc.
11. *Like a jewel*, etc. Malone quotes *R. and J.* i. 5. 47:

> "It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
> Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."

13. *By day my limbs*, etc. By day my limbs find no quiet for myself, that is, on account of my travel; by night my mind finds no quiet for thee, that is, thinking of thee. For the interlaced construction, cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 164:

> "though I with death and with
> Reward did threaten and encourage him;"

and see note in our ed. p. 161. Cf. also 75. 11, 12 below.

XXVIII.—"A continuation of *Sonn.* 27" (Dowden).
5. *Either's.* The quarto has "ethers," the ed. of 1640 "others."
9. *To please him*, etc. Most eds. put a comma after *him*. On the whole, we prefer to omit it, as the Camb. ed. does.
11. *Swart-complexion'd.* First hyphened by Gildon. For *swart* (=dark, black), cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 104, *K. John*, iii. 1. 46, etc.
12. *Twire.* Peep, twinkle. Boswell quotes B. J., *Sad Shepherd*, ii. 1: "Which maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers thus." Nares adds B. and F., *Woman Pleased*, iv. 1: "I saw the wench that twir'd and twinkled at thee;" and Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, act iv.: "I saw a thing stir under a hedge, and I peeped, and I spied a thing, and I peered and I tweered underneath." Gildon reads "tweer out." Malone conjectures "twirl not," Steevens "twink not," and Massey "tire not." For *gild'st* the quarto has "guil'st;" corrected by Sewell.
14. *Strength.* The quarto has "length;" corrected by D. (the conjecture of Capell and Coll.). Dowden, who retains the old text (though with some hesitation), explains it thus: "Each day's journey draws out my sorrows to a greater length; but this process of drawing-out does not weaken my sorrows, for my night-thoughts come to make my sorrows as strong as before, nay stronger." Capell suggested to Malone "draw my sorrows stronger . . . length seem longer."

XXIX.—"These are the night-thoughts referred to in the last line of 28; hence a special appropriateness in the image of the lark rising at break of day" (Dowden).

8. *With what I most enjoy contented least.* "The preceding line makes it not improbable that S. is here speaking of his own poems" (Dowden).

12. *Sings hymns at heaven's gate.* Malone quotes *Cymb.* ii. 3. 21: "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings;" and Reed adds Lyly, *Campaspe*, v. 1 (referring to the lark):

> "How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
> The morn not waking till she sings."

Milton may have remembered S. when he wrote (*P. L.* v. 198):

> "ye birds,
> That singing up to heaven-gate ascend," etc.

XXX.—"Sonnet 29 was occupied with thoughts of *present* wants and troubles; 30 tells of thoughts of past griefs and losses" (Dowden).

1. *Sessions of sweet silent thought.* Malone quotes *Oth.* iii. 3. 138:

> "who has a breast so pure
> But some uncleanly apprehensions
> Keep leets and law-days and in session sit
> With meditations lawful?"

6. *Dateless.* Endless; the only sense in S. Cf. 153. 6 below; and see also *Rich. II.* i. 3. 151 and *R. and J.* v. 3. 115.

8. *Moan the expense.* Lament the loss. Dowden thinks it means "pay my account of moans for," being explained by what follows ("tell o'er," etc.); but we cannot agree with him. For *expense*, cf. 94. 6 and 129. 1 below.

10. *Tell.* Count; as in 138. 12 below. Cf. *Temp.* p. 123.

XXXI.—"Continues the subject of 30—Shakspere's friend compensates all losses in the past" (Dowden).

5. *Obsequious.* Funereal. See *Ham.* p. 180.

6. *Dear religious love.* "In *A Lover's Complaint*, the beautiful youth pleads to his love that all earlier hearts which had paid homage to him now yield themselves through him to her service (a thought similar to that of this sonnet); one of these fair admirers was a nun, a sister sanctified, but (250): 'Religious love *put out Religion's eye*'" (Dowden). Walker would read "dear-religious," which he explains as "making a religion of its affections."

8. *Thee.* The quarto has "there;" corrected by Gildon.

11. *Parts of me.* Shares in me, claims upon me.

XXXII.—"From the thought of dead friends of whom he is the survivor, S. passes to the thought of his own death, and his friend as the survivor. This sonnet reads like an *Envoy*" (Dowden).

4. *Lover.* For the masculine use, see *M. of V.* p. 153.

5, 6. Dowden asks: "May we infer from these lines (and 10) that S. had a sense of the wonderful progress of poetry in the time of Elizabeth?"

7. *Reserve.* Preserve; as in *Per.* iv. 1. 40:

> "reserve
> That excellent complexion," etc.

XXXIII.—"A new group seems to begin with this sonnet. It introduces the wrongs done to S. by his friend" (Dowden).

4. *Heavenly alchemy.* Steevens compares *K. John*, iii. 1. 77:

> "To solemnize this day the glorious sun
> Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
> Turning with splendour of his precious eye
> The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold."

He might have added *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 391–393.

6. *Rack.* A mass of floating clouds. Cf. *Temp.* p. 137. D. quotes Bacon, *Sylva Sylvarum*, 115: "The winds in the upper region, which move the clouds above (which we call the *rack*)." On the passage, Capell compares 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 221 fol.

7. *Forlorn.* Accented on the first syllable because followed by a noun so accented. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 124: "Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus." For the other accent, see *R. of L.* 1500 and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 805. See also on 107. 4 below.

12. *The region cloud.* S. uses *region* several times as =air. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 509:

> "the dreadful thunder
> Doth rend the region;"

and again in 607: "the region kites." See our ed. p. 211.

14. *Stain.* Grow dim, as if *stained* or soiled. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 48: "If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil," etc. Cf. the transitive use in 35. 3 below. See also the noun in *V. and A.* 9: "Stain to all nymphs" (that is, by eclipsing them), etc.

XXXIV.—"Carries on the idea and metaphor of 33" (Dowden).

12. *Cross.* The quarto has "losse;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell). Cf. 42. 12 and 133. 8.

XXXV.—"The 'tears' of 34 suggest the opening. Moved to pity, S. will find guilt in himself rather than in his friend" (Dowden).

4. *Canker.* Canker-worm; as in 70. 7, 95. 2, and 99. 12 below. See also *M. N. D.* p. 150.

5. *Make faults.* Cf. *R. of L.* 804: "all the faults which in thy reign are made;" *W. T.* iii. 2. 218: "All faults I make," etc.

And even I, etc.: "And even I am faulty in this, that I find precedents for your misdeed by comparisons with roses, fountains, sun, and moon" (Dowden).

6. *Authorizing.* Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S. See *Macb.* p. 218. For *compare*, see on 21. 5 above. The meaning is: "giving a precedent for thy fault by comparing it with mine" (Palgrave).

7. *Amiss.* For the noun, cf. 151. 3 below and *Ham.* iv. 5. 18.

For *corrupting, salving*, Capell would read "corrupt in salving."

8. *Thy . . . thy.* The quarto reads "their . . . their;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell). Steevens explains the line thus: "Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence."

9. *Sense.* Reason. Malone conjectured "incense" for *in sense*. Dow-

den says: "If we receive the present text, 'thy adverse party' must mean Shakspere. But may we read:

'For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, [that is, judgment,
Thy adverse party, as thy advocate.' reason]

Sense—against which he has offended—brought in *as* his advocate?"

14. *Sweet thief.* Cf. 40. 9: "gentle thief." For *sourly* Gildon has "sorely."

XXXVI.—"According to the announcement made in 35, S. proceeds to make himself out the guilty party" (Dowden).

1. *We two must be twain.* Malone compares *T. and C.* iii. 1. 110: "She 'll none of him; they two are twain."

4. *Borne.* The Var. of 1821 misprints "born."

5. *Respect.* Regard, affection. Dowden quotes *Cor.* iii. 3. 112:

"I do *love*
My country's good with a *respect* more tender,
More holy and profound than my own life."

Palgrave explains *one respect* as ="one thing we look to."

6. *A separable spite.* "A cruel fate that *spitefully separates* us from each other" (Malone). *Separable* is used by S. only here. For the active use of adjectives in *-ble*, see Gr. 3. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 185 (on *Deceivable*), *Lear*, p. 193 (on *Comfortable*), etc.

9. *Evermore.* Walker conjectures "ever more."

10. *My bewailed guilt.* Explained by Spalding and others as "the blots that remain with S. on account of his profession" as an actor; but Dowden thinks the meaning may be: "I may not claim you as a friend, lest my relation to the dark woman—now a matter of grief—should convict you of faithlessness in friendship." The interpretation of many expressions in the Sonnets must depend upon the theory we adopt concerning their autobiographical or non-autobiographical character, and their relations to one another.

12. *That honour.* The honour you give me.

13, 14. These lines are repeated at the end of *Sonn.* 96.

XXXVII.—"Continues the thought of 36. 13, 14" (Dowden).

3. *So I, made lame.* Cf. 89. 3 below: "Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt." Capell and others have inferred that S. was literally lame. Malone remarks: "In the 89th Sonnet the poet speaks of his friend's imputing to him a fault of which he was not guilty, and yet, he says, he would acknowledge it: so (he adds) were he to be described as lame, however untruly, yet rather than his friend should appear in the wrong, he would immediately halt. If S. was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to *halt occasionally* for this or any other purpose. The defect must have been fixed and permanent. The context in the verse before us in like manner refutes this notion. If the words are to be understood literally, we must then suppose that our admired poet was also *poor* and *despised*, for neither of which suppositions is there the smallest ground." Dowden says: "S. uses *to lame* in the sense of *disable*; here the *worth* and *truth* of his friend are set over against the lameness of S.; the lame-

ness then is metaphorical—a disability to join in the joyous movement of life, as his friend does."

Dearest. Most intense. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 182: "my dearest foe;" and see note in our ed. p. 185.

7. *Entitled in thy parts.* Finding their *title* or claim to the throne in thy qualities. Cf. *R. of L.* 57:

> "But beauty, in that white intituled,
> From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;"

and see note in our ed. p. 183. Malone explains *entitled* as "ennobled." The quarto has "their parts," which Schmidt would retain, explaining the passage thus: "or more excellencies, having a just claim to the first place as their due."

XXXVIII.—"The same thought as that of the two preceding sonnets: S. will look on, delight in his friend, and sing his praise. In 37. 14 S. is 'ten times happy' in his friend's happiness and glory; thus he receives ten times the inspiration of other poets from his friend, who is 'the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth' than the old nine Muses" (Dowden).

8. *Invention.* Imagination, or the poetic faculty. Cf. 76. 6, 103. 7, and 105. 11 below.

13. *Curious.* Fastidious, critical. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 20:

> "Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
> Hath well compos'd thee."

XXXIX.—"In 38 S. spoke of his friend's worth as ten times that of the nine Muses, but in 37 he had spoken of his friend as the better part of himself. He now asks how he can with modesty sing the worth of his own better part. Thereupon he returns to the thought of 36, 'we two must be twain;' and now, not only are the two lives to be divided, but 'our dear love'—undivided in 36—must 'lose name of single one'" (Dowden).

12. *Which time and thoughts,* etc. Which doth so sweetly beguile time and thoughts. Malone takes *thoughts* to be =melancholy (cf. *J. C.* p. 146). See on 44. 9 below. The quarto has "dost" for *doth;* corrected by Malone.

13, 14. "Absence teaches how to make of the absent beloved two persons: one, absent in reality; the other, present to imagination" (Dowden).

XL.—"In 39 S. desires that his love and his friend's may be separated, in order that he may give his friend what otherwise he must give also to himself. Now, separated, he gives his beloved all his loves, yet knows that, before the gift, all his was his friend's by right. 'Our love losing name of single one' (39. 6) suggests the manifold loves, mine and thine" (Dowden).

5, 6. Then if for love of me you receive her whom I love, I cannot blame you for using her. *For* in 6 =because; as in 54. 9 and 106. 11 below. Gr. 151.

7, 8. "Yet you are to blame if you deceive yourself by an unlawful union while you refuse loyal wedlock" (Dowden). The quarto has "this selfe" for *thyself;* corrected by Gildon.

10. *All my poverty.* The poor little that I have. Cf. 103. 1 below. For *thee*, see Gr. 220.

XLI.—"The thought of 40. 13, 'Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,' is carried out in this sonnet" (Dowden).

1. *Pretty.* Bell and Palgrave read "petty." Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 37:

> "But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
> The pretty follies that themselves commit."

3. *Befits.* See Gr. 333.

5, 6. *Gentle thou art*, etc. Steevens quotes 1 *Hen VI.* v. 3. 77:

> "She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore to be won."

8. *She have.* The quarto reads "he have;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt). Dowden thinks that the old text may be right.

9. *Ay me!* H. and some others read "Ah me!" which is not found in S. See *M. N. D.* p. 128.

My seat. Malone reads "thou mightst, my sweet, forbear;" but, as Boaden notes, the old reading is confirmed and explained by *Oth.* ii. 1. 304:

> "I do suspect the lusty Moor
> Hath leap'd into my seat."

Dr. Ingleby adds, as a parallel, *R. of L.* 412, 413.

XLII.—"In 41. 13, 14 S. declares that he loses both friend and mistress; he now goes on to say that the loss of his friend is the greater of the two" (Dowden).

9. *My love's gain.* That is, my mistress's gain.

11. *Both twain.* Dowden compares *L. L. L.* v. 2. 459: "I remit both twain."

XLIII.—Dowden asks: "Does this begin a new group of sonnets?"

1. *Wink.* Shut my eyes. Cf. *V. and A.* p. 172.

2. *Unrespected.* Unnoticed, unregarded; as in 54. 10 below, the only other instance of the word in S.

5. *Whose shadow*, etc. "Whose image makes bright the shades of night" (Dowden).

11. *Thy.* The quarto again misprints "their;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell).

13. *All days are nights to see*, etc. "All days are gloomy to behold," etc. (Steevens). Malone wished to read "nights to me;" and Lettsom conjectured:

> "All days are nights to me till thee I see,
> And nights bright days when dreams do show me thee."

Thee me = thee to me.

XLIV.—"In 43 he obtains sight of his friend in dreams; 44 expresses the longing of the waking hours to come into his friend's presence by some preternatural means" (Dowden).

4. *From.* Gildon has "To." *Where*=to where.

6. *Farthest earth remov'd.* That is, earth farthest removed. See Gr. 419*a*; and cf. 111. 2 below.

9. *Thought kills me.* Here, as Dowden notes, *thought* may mean "melancholy contemplation." See on 39. 12 above.

11. *So much of earth and water wrought.* That is, so much of these baser elements being *wrought into* my nature. The allusion is to the old idea of the four elements entering into the composition of man. See *J. C.* p. 185, note on *His life was gentle*, etc. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 10: "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" and *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 22: "He is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him," etc. See also *A. and C.* v. 2. 292. Walker quotes Chapman, *Iliad*, vii.:

> "But ye are earth and water all, which—symboliz'd [that is, collected] in one—
> Have fram'd your faint unfiery spirits."

XLV.—"Sonnet 44 tells of the duller elements of earth and water; this sonnet, of the elements of air and fire" (Dowden).

4. *Present-absent.* The hyphen was inserted by Malone.

8. *Melancholy.* To be pronounced *mĕlanch'ly* (Walker).

9. *Recur'd.* Restored to health. Cf. *V. and A.* 465: "A smile recures the wounding of a frown." See also *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 130.

12. *Thy.* Again "their" in the quarto; corrected by Malone.

XLVI.—"As 44 and 45 are a pair of companion sonnets, so are 46 and 47. The theme of the first pair is the opposition of the four elements in the person of the poet; the theme of the second is the opposition of the heart and the eye, that is, of love and the senses" (Dowden).

3. *Thy.* The quarto has "their," as in 8, 13, and 14 below; corrected by Malone.

9. *'Cide.* The quarto has "side;" corrected by Sewell (2d ed.).

10. *Quest.* Inquest, or jury; as in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 189:

> "What lawful quest have given their verdict up
> Unto the frowning judge?"

12. *Moiety.* Share, portion; not necessarily an exact half. Cf. *Ham.* p. 174.

XLVII.—"Companion sonnet to the last" (Dowden).

1. *Took.* Capell conjectures "strook."

3. *Famish'd for a look.* Cf. 75. 10 below. Malone quotes *C. of E.* ii. 1. 88: "Whilst I at home starve for a merry look."

9. *Thy picture or.* Lintott has "the picture or," and Gildon "the picture of."

10. *Art.* The quarto has "are;" corrected by Malone.

11. *Not.* The quarto has "nor;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

With *Sonn.* 46, 47, Dowden compares Sonn. 19, 20 of Watson's *Tears of Fancie*, 1593 (ed. Arber, p. 188):

"My hart impos'd this penance on mine eies,
(Eies the first causers of my harts lamenting):
That they should weepe till loue and fancie dies,
Fond loue the last cause of my harts repenting.
Mine eies vpon my hart inflict this paine
(Bold hart that dard to harbour thoughts of loue)
That it should loue and purchase fell disdaine,
A grieuous penance which my heart doth proue,
Mine eies did weep as hart had them imposed,
My hart did pine as eies had it constrained," etc.

Sonnet 20 continues the same:

"My hart accus'd mine eies and was offended,
* * * * *
Hart said that loue did enter at the eies,
And from the eies descended to the hart;
Eies said that in the hart did sparkes arise," etc.

Cf. also *Diana* (ed. 1584), Sixth Decade, Sonnet 7 (Arber's *English Garner*, vol. ii. p. 254); and Drayton, *Idea*, 33.

XLVIII.—"Line 6 of 46, in which S. speaks of keeping his friend in the closet of his breast, suggests 48 (see lines 9–12). I have said he is safe in my breast; yet, ah! I feel he is not" (Dowden).

11. *Gentle closure of my breast.* Cf. *V. and A.* 782: "Into the quiet closure of my breast."

14. Dowden asks: "Does not this refer to the woman who has sworn love (152. 2), and whose truth to S. (spoken of in 41. 13) now proves thievish?" Capell compares *V. and A.* 724: "Rich preys make true men thieves." For the antithesis of *true men* and *thieves*, see *Cymb.* p. 182.

XLIX.—"Continues the sad strain with which 48 closes. Notice the construction of the sonnet, each of the quatrains beginning with the same words, 'Against that time;' so also 64, three quatrains beginning with the words 'When I have seen.' So Daniel's sonnet beginning 'If this be love,' repeated in the first line of each quatrain" (Dowden).

3. *Whenas.* When. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 142.

4. *Advis'd respects.* Deliberate considerations; as in *K. John*, iv. 2. 214: "More upon humour than advis'd respects." For *advis'd*, see *M. of V.* p. 130, or *Rich. II.* p. 165.

7. *Converted.* Changed. Steevens compares *J. C.* iv. 2. 20:

"When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony."

8. *Reasons.* That is, for the change it has undergone.

10. *Desert.* Rhyming with *part*, and spelled "desart" in the quarto. See on 14. 12 and 17. 2 above. Cf. 72. 6 below.

L.—"This sonnet and the next are a pair, as 44, 45 are, and 46, 47. The *journey* is that spoken of in 48. 1" (Dowden).

6. *Dully.* The quarto has "duly;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

7. *Instinct.* Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 149.

LI.—"Companion to 50" (Dowden).

6. *Swift extremity.* The extreme of swiftness.

10. *Perfect'st.* The quarto has "perfects," and Gildon "perfect." *Perfect'st* is due to D. For the superlative, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 317: "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy;" and for the contracted form, see Gr. 473.

11. *Shall neigh—no dull flesh*, etc. The quarto reads "shall naigh noe dull flesh," etc. Malone was the first to make *no dull flesh* parenthetical. Dowden thinks the meaning may be, "Desire, which is all love, shall neigh, there being no dull flesh to cumber him as he rushes forward in his fiery race." Massey makes *flesh* the object of *neigh* (=neigh *to*).

13. *Wilful-slow.* The hyphen is due to Malone.

14. *Go.* The word here, as Dowden notes, seems to have the specific sense of walking as opposed to running. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 22:

> "*Stephano.* We 'll not run, Monsieur monster.
> *Trinculo.* Nor go neither;"

and *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 388: "Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve thy turn." Schmidt defines *go* in these two passages as ="walk leisurely, not to run;" but the instance in the text he puts under the head of *go* ="make haste."

LII.—"The joy of hope; the hope of meeting his friend spoken of in the last sonnet" (Dowden).

1. *Key.* Pronounced *kay* in the time of S. Note the rhyme with *survey*.

4. *For blunting.* For fear of blunting. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 136: "Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold;" and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 74:

> "Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
> For swallowing the treasure of the realm."

See Gr. 154.

5. *Therefore are feasts*, etc. Malone quotes 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 229:

> "If all the year were playing holidays,
> To sport would be as tedious as to work;
> But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
> And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents;"

and *Id.* iii. 2. 57:

> "and so my state,
> Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
> And won by rareness such solemnity."

8. *Captain.* Chief. For the adjective use, cf. 66. 12 below. For *carcanet*=necklace, see *C. of E.* p. 124.

11. *Special blest.* Malone has "special-blest." For adjectives used adverbially, see Gr. 1.

LIII.—"Not being able, in absence, to possess his friend, he finds his friend's shadow in all beautiful things" (Dowden).

2. *Strange.* Stranger, not your own.

4. "*You*, although but one person, can give off all manner of shadowy images. Shakspere then, to illustrate this, chooses the most beautiful of men, Adonis, and the most beautiful of women, Helen; both are but shadows or counterfeits (or pictures, as in *Sonn.* 16) of the 'master-mistress' of his passion" (Dowden).

5. *Counterfeit.* On the rhyme with *set*, Walker remarks that *-feit* was pronounced nearly as *fate;* and so of *ei* generally. He quotes Ford, *Perkin Warbeck*, iii. 2, where Katherine, referring to the word *counterfeit*, says:

"Pray do not use
That word; it carries *fate* in 't."

In *C. of E.* iv. 2. 63 *straight* rhymes with *conceit;* and in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 399, *conceit* with *wait.* Many similar examples might be cited.

8. *Tires.* Head-dresses. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 190:

"If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers."

See also *Much Ado*, p. 148. In the present passage, the word may possibly be a contraction of *attires.*

9. *Foison.* Plenty, harvest (here = autumn). See *Macb.* p. 240. On the passage, Malone compares *A. and C.* v. 2. 86:

"For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping."

LIV.—"Continues the thought of 53. There S. declared that over and above external beauty, more real than that of Helen and Adonis, his friend was pre-eminent for his constancy, his truth. Now he proceeds to celebrate the worth of this truth" (Dowden).

5. *Canker-blooms.* Dog-roses. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 28: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace;" and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 76:

"To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke."

8. *Discloses.* Uncloses, unfolds. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 40:

"The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd."

9. *For.* Because; as in 106. 11 below. See also on 40. 6 above.

10. *Unrespected.* Unregarded. Cf. 43. 2 above.

12. *Sweetest odours.* For the allusion to distillation of perfumes, see on 5. 9 above.

14. *Vade.* Fade. See *V. and A.* p. 209. The quarto has "by verse;" corrected by Malone. *That* refers to the abstract *youth* implied in the concrete *youth.*

LV.—"A continuation of 54. This looks like an *Envoy*, but 56 is still a sonnet of absence" (Dowden).

Mr. Tyler (*Athenæum*, Sept. 11, 1880) ingeniously argues that the

thought and phrasing of lines in this sonnet are derived from a passage in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where Shakespeare among others is mentioned with honour:

"As Ovid saith of his worke;

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas;

And as Horace saith of his:

Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum:

So say I severally of Sir Philip Sidneys, Spencers, Daniels, Draytons, Shakespeares, and Warners workes;

Nec Jovis ira, imbres, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus,
Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.

Et quanquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus euertendum tres illi Dii conspirabunt, Chronus, Vulcanus, et Pater ipse gentis;

Nec tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,
Aeternum potuit hoc abolere decus."

1. *Monuments.* The quarto has "monument;" corrected by Malone.

3. *These contents.* What is contained in these verses of mine.

7. *Mars his sword.* Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 58: "Mars his idiot," etc. Gr. 217.

13. *Till the judgment,* etc. "Till the decree of the judgment day that you arise from the dead" (Dowden). H. has this strange note: "*Arise* is here used transitively, and is put in the plural for the rhyme, though its subject is in the singular: 'Till the judgment-day that raises yourself from the dead,' is the meaning."

LVI.—"This, like the sonnets immediately preceding, is written in absence. The *love* S. addresses ('Sweet love, renew thy force') is the love in his own breast. Is the sight of his friend, of which he speaks, only the imaginative seeing of love; such fancied sight as two betrothed persons may have although severed by the ocean?" (Dowden.)

6. *Wink.* Close in sleep, as after a full meal. See on 43. 1 above.

8. *Dullness.* "Taken in connection with *wink*, meaning sleep, *dullness* seems to mean *drowsiness*, as when Prospero says of Miranda's slumber (*Temp.* i. 2. 185) ''T is a good dullness'" (Dowden).

13. *Else.* The quarto has "As;" corrected by Palgrave.

LVII.—"The absence spoken of in this sonnet seems to be voluntary absence on the part of Shakspere's friend" (Dowden).

5. *World-without-end hour.* "The tedious hour, that seems as if it would never end. So *L. L. L.* v. 2. 799: 'a world-without-end bargain'" (Malone).

12. *Where you are,* etc. How happy you make those where you are.

13. *Will.* The quarto has "Will" (not in italics). "If a play on

words is intended, it must be 'Love in your Will (your Will Shakspere) can think no evil of you, do what you please;' and also 'Love can discover no evil in your will'" (Dowden).

LVIII.—"A close continuation of 57; growing distrust in his friend, with a determination to resist such a feeling. Hence the attempt to disqualify himself for judging his friend's conduct, by taking the place of a vassal, a servant, a slave, in relation to a sovereign" (Dowden).

3. *To crave.* For the *to*, see Gr. 350.

6. *The imprison'd absence of your liberty.* "The separation from you, which is proper to your state of freedom, but which to me is imprisonment. Or the want of such liberty as you possess, which I, a prisoner, suffer" (Dowden).

7. *Tame to sufferance.* "Bearing tamely even cruel distress; or, tame even to the point of entire submission" (Dowden). Malone compares *Lear*, iv. 6. 225: "made tame to fortune's blows." *Bide each check*= endure each rebuke or rebuff.

10. *Your time To what*, etc. Malone reads "your time: Do what," etc.

LIX.—"Is this connected with the preceding sonnet? or a new starting-point? Immortality conferred by verse (54, 55) is again taken up in 60, connected with 59, and jealousy (57) in 61" (Dowden).

5. *Record.* Accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. 122. 8 below.

6. *Courses.* Yearly courses, not daily. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 6:

> "After
> So many courses of the sun enthron'd;"

T. and C. iv. 1. 27: "A thousand complete courses of the sun," etc.

7. *Antique.* For the accent, see on 19. 10 above.

8. *Since mind*, etc. "Since thought was first expressed in writing" (Schmidt).

11. *Or whether.* The quarto has "or where," and some modern eds. print "whe'r" or "whêr." See Gr. 466.

12. *Or whether revolution*, etc. Whether the revolution of time brings about the same things.

LX.—"The thought of revolution, the revolving ages (59. 12), sets the poet thinking of changes wrought by time" (Dowden).

1. *Like as.* Cf. 118. 1 below. See also *T. and C.* i. 2. 7, *Ham.* i. 2. 217, etc.

5. *Nativity*, etc. The child once brought into this world of light. "As the *main* of waters would signify the great body of waters, so the *main of light* signifies the mass or flood of light into which a new-born child is launched" (K.). Dowden remarks that the image in *main of light* is suggested by line 1, where our minutes are compared to waves.

7. *Crooked.* Malignant. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 22: "If crooked fortune had not thwarted me," etc. For the allusion to the supposed evil influence of eclipses, cf. 107. 5 below. Cf. also *Macb.* iv. 1. 28, *Ham.* i. 1. 120, *Lear*, i. 2. 112, *Oth.* v. 2. 99, etc.

8. *Confound.* Destroy. See on 5. 6 above.

9. *Flourish.* "External decoration" (Malone). Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 14: "the painted flourish of your praise," etc.

10. *Delves the parallels.* Makes furrows. For the figure, cf. 2. 2 above; and for a different one, see 19. 9.

13. *Times in hope.* Future times.

LXI.—"The jealous feeling of 57 reappears in this sonnet" (Dowden).

8. *Tenour.* The quarto has "tenure;" corrected by Malone.

11. *Defeat.* Destroy. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 160: "His unkindness may defeat my life;" and see our ed. p. 201.

LXII.—"Perhaps the thought of jealousy in 61 suggests this. 'How self-loving to suppose my friend could be jealous of such an one as I—beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity! My apology for supposing that others could make love to me is that my friend's beauty is mine by right of friendship'" (Dowden).

5. *Gracious.* Full of grace, beautiful. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 81: "a gracious creature;" *T. N.* i. 5. 281: "A gracious person," etc.

7. *And for myself*, etc. Walker conjectures "so define," and Lettsom "so myself." Dowden asks: "Does *for myself* mean 'for my own satisfaction'?" Perhaps it merely adds emphasis to the statement.

8. *As I*, etc. In such a way that I, etc.

10. *Bated.* The quarto has "beated," which was probably an error of the ear for *bated* (=beaten down, weakened; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 32: "These griefs and losses have so bated me," etc.), *beat* being then pronounced *bate*. See *W. T.* p. 170, note on *Baits;* and cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 125, note on 68. Malone conjectured "'bated," but thought *beated* might be right, as *casted* occurs in *Hen. V.* (iv. 1. 23). He says that *thrusted* is found in *Macb.*, but no such form is used by S. He has *splitted* in *C. of E.* i. 1. 104, v. 1. 308, *A. and C.* v. 1. 24, etc., *catched* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 69, *becomed* in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 26, *Cymb.* v. 5. 406, etc. Cf. Gr. 344. Steevens would read "blasted," and Coll. "beaten," which W. adopts.

For *chopp'd* (the quarto *chopt*) D. and others read "chapp'd." Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 158.

13. *'T is thee, myself.* That is, thee, who art my other self.

LXIII.—"Obviously in close continuation of 62" (Dowden).

5. *Steepy night.* Malone was at first inclined to read "sleepy night," but afterwards decided that *steepy* is explained by 7. 5, 6 above. Dowden takes the same view. "Youth and age are on the steep ascent and the steep decline of heaven." St. says: "Chaucer [*C. T.* 201, 755] has 'eyen stepe,' which his editors interpret 'eyes deep.' We believe in both cases the word is a synonym for *black* or *dark*." H. reads "sleepy."

9. *For such a time.* That is, in anticipation of it. *Fortify*=fortify myself, take defensive measures. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 56: "We fortify in paper and in figures."

10. *Confounding.* See on 60. 8 above.

LXIV.—"In 63. 12 the thought of the loss of his 'lover's life' occurs; this sonnet (see line 12) carries out the train of reflection there started. 'Time's fell hand' repeats 'Time's injurious hand' of 63. 2" (Dowden). Palgrave remarks that the three sonnets 64–66 "form one poem of marvellous power, insight, and beauty."

2. *Rich proud.* Hyphened by Malone, like *down-ras'd* below.

5. *When I have seen the hungry ocean*, etc. Some critics have expressed surprise that S. should know anything of these gradual encroachments of the sea on the land; but they had become familiar on the east coast of England before his day. For one striking instance of the kind, see *Rich. II.* p. 178, note on *Ravenspurg.*

Capell quotes 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 45:

> "O God! that one might read the book of fate,
> And see the revolution of the times
> Make mountains level, and the continent,
> Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
> Into the sea! and, other times, to see
> The beachy girdle of the ocean
> Too wide for Neptune's hips," etc.

13. *This thought*, etc. This thought, which cannot choose but weep . . . is as a death.

14. *To have.* At having. See Gr. 356.

LXV.—"In close connection with 64. The first line enumerates the conquests of time recorded in 64. 1–8" (Dowden).

3. *This rage.* Malone conjectured "his rage."

4. *Action.* Perhaps, as Dowden suggests, used in a legal sense, suggested by *hold a plea.*

6. *Wrackful.* The quarto has "wrackfull;" the only instance of the word in S. Cf. *wrack-threatening* in *R. of L.* 590. *Wrack* is the only spelling in the early eds. See *Rich. II.* p. 177; and note the rhyme in 126. 5 below.

10. *Chest.* Theo. conjectured "quest;" but, as Malone shows, the figure is a favourite one with S. Cf. 48. 9 above; and see also *K. John*, v. 1. 40, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 180, etc. *Time's chest* = the oblivion to which he consigns our precious things.

12. *Of beauty.* The quarto has "or" for *of*, and Gildon reads "on."

LXVI.—"From the thought of his friend's death Shakspere turns to think of his own, and of the ills of life from which death would deliver him" (Dowden).

1. *All these.* The evils enumerated below.

2. *Born.* St. conjectures "lorn," and "empty" for *needy.*

8. *Disabled.* A quadrisyllable, which W. prints "disableed." See Gr. 477.

9. *Art made tongue-tied*, etc. "*Art* is commonly used by S. for letters, learning, science. Can this line refer to the censorship of the stage?" (Dowden.)

11. *Simplicity.* Folly; as in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 23, iv. 3. 54, v. 2, 52, 78, etc.

LXVII.—"In close connection with 66. Why should my friend continue to live in this evil world?" (Dowden.)

4. *Lace.* Embellish. See *Macb.* p. 200.

6. *Dead seeing.* "Why should painting steal the *lifeless appearance* of beauty from his living hue?" (Dowden.) Capell and Farmer conjecture "seeming."

9. *Bankrupt.* Spelled "banckrout" in the quarto. See *V. and A.* pp. 175, 184.

12. *Proud of many*, etc. "Nature, while she boasts of many beautiful persons, really has no treasure of beauty except his" (Dowden).

13. *Stores.* See on 11. 9 above.

LXVIII.—"Carries on the thought of 67. 13, 14. Cf. the last two lines of both sonnets" (Dowden).

1. *Map of days outworn.* Malone compares *R. of L.* 1350: "this pattern of the worn-out age." For *map*=picture, image, cf. *R. of L.* 402: "the map of death;" *Rich. II.* v. 1. 12: "Thou map of honour," etc.

3. *Fair.* See on 16. 11 above.

5, 6. For Shakespeare's antipathy to false hair, see *M. of V.* p. 149. Cf. note on 20. 1 above.

10. *Without all.* That is, without any. Dowden compares 74. 2 below. For *itself* Malone conjectures "himself."

LXIX.—"From the thought of his friend's external beauty S. turns to think of the beauty of his mind, and the popular report against it" (Dowden).

3. *Due.* The quarto has "end;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Capell and Tyrwhitt). Sewell (2d ed.) has "thy due."

5. *Thy.* The quarto has "Their;" corrected by Malone, who later substituted "Thine."

7. *Confound.* Destroy. See on 5. 6 above.

14. *Soil.* The quarto has "solye," and the ed. of 1640 "soyle." Gildon has "toil." Malone (followed by D., W., and H.) reads "solve" (=solution). The Camb. editors and Dowden give "soil," and the former say: "As the verb *to soil* is not uncommon in Old English, meaning *to solve* (as, for example, in Udal's *Erasmus:* 'This question could not one of them all soile'), so the substantive *soil* may be used in the sense of *solution.* The play upon words thus suggested is in the author's manner."

LXX.—"Continues the subject of the last sonnet, and defends his friend from the suspicion and slander of the time" (Dowden).

1. *Art.* The quarto has "are;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

3. *Suspect.* Suspicion. For the noun, which S. uses some dozen times, cf. *Rich. III.* p. 188.

6. *Thy.* Again the quarto has "Their."

Being woo'd of time. "Being solicited or tempted by the present times" (Dowden). Steevens quotes B. J., *Every Man Out of his Hu-*

mour, prol.: "Oh, how I hate the monstrousness of time" (that is, the times). St. conjectures "crime" for *time*.

7. *Canker*. The canker-worm; as in 35. 4 above.

12. *To tie up*. As to tie up, that is, silence. Gr. 281. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 206: "Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently." See also *R. and J.* iv. 5. 32, and *M. for M.* iii. 2. 199. *Enlarg'd*=set at large, given free scope. Hales writes to Dowden on this passage: "Surely a reference here to the *Faerie Queene*, end of book vi. Calidore ties up the Blatent Beast; after a time he breaks his iron chain, 'and got into the world at liberty again,' that is, is *evermore enlarg'd*."

14. *Owe*. Own, possess. Cf. 18. 10 above.

LXXI.—"Shakspere goes back to the thought of his own death, from which he was led away by 66. 14, 'to die, I leave my love alone.' The world in this sonnet is the 'vile world' described in 66" (Dowden).

2. *The surly sullen bell*. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 102:

> "as a sullen bell
> Remember'd knolling a departed friend;"

R. and J. iv. 5. 88: "sullen dirges;" and Milton, *Il Pens.* 76: "Swinging slow with sullen roar" (the curfew bell).

10. *Compounded am with clay*. Malone quotes 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 116: "Only compound me with forgotten dust."

LXXII.—"In close continuation of 71. 'When I die, let my memory die with me'" (Dowden).

4. *Prove*. Find; as in *R. of L.* 613: "When they in thee the like offences prove," etc. See also 153. 7 below.

6. *Desert*. For the rhyme, cf. 14. 12, 17. 2, and 49. 10 above.

7. *I*. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 321: "between you and I." See also Gr. 209.

14. *So should you*. That is, *be shamed*. *To love*=for loving. Gr. 356.

LXXIII.—"Still, as in 71 and 72, thoughts of approaching death" (Dowden).

2. *Yellow leaves*. Steevens compares *Macb.* v. 3. 23:

> "my way of life
> Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf."

4. *Ruin'd choirs*. The quarto has "rn'wd quiers;" corrected in the ed. of 1640. Steevens remarks: "The image was probably suggested by our desolated monasteries. The resemblance between the vaulting of a Gothic aisle and an avenue of trees whose upper branches meet and form an arch overhead, is too striking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of the one is shattered, and the boughs of the other leafless, the comparison becomes yet more solemn and picturesque."

9. *The glowing of such fire*, etc. Malone remarks that Gray perhaps remembered these lines when he wrote "Even in our ashes live [not "glow," as Malone quotes it] their wonted fires."

12. *Consum'd*, etc. "Wasting away on the dead ashes which once nourished it with living flame" (Dowden).

LXXIV.—"In immediate continuation of 73" (Dowden).

1. *That fell arrest.* Capell quotes *Ham.* v. 2. 347:

> "Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
> Is strict in his arrest."

6. *Consecrate.* Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 134: "this body, consecrate to thee,' etc.

7. *His.* Its; as in 9. 10 and 14. 6 above.

11. *The coward conquest*, etc. Dowden asks: "Does S. merely speak of the liability of the body to untimely or violent mischance? Or does he meditate suicide? Or think of Marlowe's death, and anticipate such a fate as possibly his own? Or has he, like Marlowe, been wounded? Or does he refer to dissection of dead bodies? Or is it 'confounding age's cruel knife' of 63. 10?" If not a merely figurative expression, like this last, the key to it is probably in the first question above: this life which is at the mercy of any base assassin's knife. The latter seems to us the preferable explanation. Palgrave says that the expression "must allude to anatomical dissections, then recently revived in Europe by Vesalius, Fallopius, Paré, and others." Cf. p. 39, foot-note, above.

13, 14. *The worth* etc. "The worth of that (my body) is that which it contains (my spirit), and that (my spirit) is this (my poems)" (Dowden).

LXXV.—"The last sonnet seems to me like an *Envoy*, and perhaps a new MS. book of Sonnets begins with 75–77" (Dowden).

2. *Sweet-season'd.* The hyphen is due to Malone.

3. *The peace of you.* "The peace, content, to be found in you; antithesis to *strife*" (Dowden). Malone conjectured "price" or "sake" for *peace.*

6. *Doubting.* Suspecting, fearing. Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 42: "I doubt he be not well," etc.

10. *Clean.* Quite, completely. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 188. On the line, cf. 47. 3 above (see note).

11, 12. *Possessing or pursuing*, etc. That is, possessing no delight save what is had, and pursuing none save what must be taken from you. Cf. 27. 13 above. For *took*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 131: "Stumbling in fear, was took," etc. Gr. 343.

14. *Or gluttoning*, etc. That is, either having a surplus of food or none at all.

LXXVI.—"Is this an apology for Shakspere's own sonnets—of which his friend begins to weary—in contrast with the verses of the rival poet, spoken of in 78–80?" (Dowden.)

6. *In a noted weed.* "In a dress by which it is always known, as those persons are who always wear the same colours" (Steevens). For *weed*, see on 2. 4 above; and for *noted*, cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 21: "the antique and well noted face," etc. For *invention*, see on 38. 8 above.

7. *Tell.* The quarto has "fel," and Lintott "fell;" corrected by Malone. *That*=so that; as in 98. 4 below. Gr. 283.

8. *Where.* Capell conjectured "whence;" but cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 15, *A. and C.* ii. 1. 18, etc.

LXXVII.—"'Probably,' says Steevens, 'this sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper.' 'This conjecture,' says Malone, 'appears to me extremely probable.' If I might hazard a conjecture, it would be that Shakspere, who had perhaps begun a new manuscript-book with Sonnet 75, and who, as I suppose, apologized for the monotony of his verses in 76, here ceased to write, knowing that his friend was favouring a rival, and invited his friend to fill up the blank pages himself (see on 12 below). Beauty, Time, and Verse formed the theme of many of Shakspere's sonnets; now that he will write no more, he commends his friend to his *glass*, where he may discover the truth about his *beauty;* to the *dial*, where he may learn the progress of *time;* and to this *book*, which he himself—not Shakspere—must fill. C. A. Brown and Henry Brown treat this sonnet as an *Envoy*" (Dowden).

6. *Mouthed graves.* "All-devouring graves" (Malone). Cf. *V. and A.* 757: "What is thy body but a swallowing grave?"

7. *Shady stealth.* That is, the stealthy motion of the shadow.

8. *Time's thievish progress.* Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 169: "the thievish minutes," etc.

10. *Blanks.* The quarto has "blacks;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Theo. and Capell).

12. Dowden remarks: "Perhaps this is said with some feeling of wounded love—my verses have grown monotonous and wearisome; write yourself, and you will find novelty in your own thoughts when once delivered from your brain and set down by your pen. Perhaps, also, 'this learning mayst thou taste' (4) is suggested by the fact that S. is unlearned in comparison with the rival. I cannot bring you learning; but set down your own thoughts, and you will find learning in them."

LXXVIII.—"Shakspere, I suppose, receives some renewed profession of love from his friend, and again addresses him in verse, openly speaking of the cause of his estrangement, the favour with which his friend regards the rival poet" (Dowden).

3. *As every alien pen*, etc. That every other poet has acquired my habit of writing to you. For the use of *as*, see Gr. 109. In the quarto *alien* is in italics and begins with a capital. See on 20. 8 above.

6. *Heavy ignorance.* As Malone notes, the expression occurs again in *Oth.* ii. 1. 144.

7. *The learned's wing.* D. compares Spenser, *Teares of the Muses:*

> "Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
> And doth the learned's task upon him take."

9. *Compile.* Compose, write; the only sense in S. Cf. 85. 2 below; and see also *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 134, v. 2. 52, 896.

12. *Arts.* Learning, letters. Cf. *L. L. L.* p. 128, note on *Living art.*

13. *Advance.* Raise, lift up. Cf. *Cor.* p. 210.

LXXIX.—"In continuation of Sonnet 78" (Dowden).

5. *Thy lovely argument.* The *argument* or theme of your loveliness.

6. *Travail.* The ed. of 1640 has "travel." The two forms are used indiscriminately in the early eds. without regard to the meaning.

LXXX.—"Same subject continued" (Dowden).

2. *A better spirit.* For the conjectures as to this *better spirit*, see p. 24 above. *Spirit* is monosyllabic, as often. Cf. 74. 8 above; and see Gr. 463.

11. *Wrack'd.* The quarto has "wrackt." See on 65. 6 above.

LXXXI.—"After depreciating his own verse in comparison with that of the rival poet, S. here takes heart, and asserts that he will by verse confer immortality on his friend, though his own name may be forgotten" (Dowden).

1. *Or.* St. conjectures "Whe'r" (=Whether). See on 59. 11 above.

12. *The breathers of this world.* Those who are now living. Malone compares *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 297: "I will chide no breather in the world but myself." Walker proposes to point as follows:

> "shall o'er-read,
> And tongues to be your being shall rehearse;
> When all the breathers of this world are dead,
> You still shall live," etc.;

but, as Dowden remarks, it is rare with S. to let the verse run on without a pause at the twelfth line of the sonnet.

LXXXII.—"His friend had perhaps alleged in playful self-justification that he had not married Shakspere's Muse, vowing to forsake all other and keep him only unto her" (Dowden).

2. *Attaint.* Blame, discredit. Cf. the verb in 88. 7 below. *O'erlook* =peruse; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 121, *Lear*, v. 1. 50, etc.

3. *Dedicated words.* "This may only mean *devoted words*, but probably has reference, as the next line seems to show, to the words of some dedication prefixed to a book" (Dowden).

5. *Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue.* "S. had celebrated his friend's beauty (hue); perhaps his learned rival had celebrated the patron's knowledge; such excellence reached 'a limit past the praise' of Shakspere, who knew small Latin and less Greek" (Dowden).

10. *Strained.* Forced, overwrought.

11. *Sympathiz'd.* Described sympathetically, or with true appreciation. Cf. *R. of L.* 1113:

> "True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
> When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd."

The meaning seems to be: thy nature, which is truly fair, needs no forced rhetoric to set it off, but is best described in the plain language of simple truth.

LXXXIII.—"Takes up the last words of 82, and continues the same theme" (Dowden).

2. *Fair.* Beauty. See on 16. 11 above.

5. *And therefore have I slept*, etc. "And therefore I have not sounded your praises" (Malone).

7. *Modern.* Ordinary, common. See *Macb.* p. 243.

8. *What.* Malone conjectured "that."

12. *Bring a tomb.* Dowden compares 17. 3 above.

LXXXIV.—"Continues the same theme. Which of us, the rival poet or I, can say more than that you are you?" (Dowden.)

6. *His.* Its; as in 9. 10, 14. 6, and 74. 7 above.

8. *Story.* Most eds. put a comma after this word. We retain the pointing of the quarto, which Dowden also thinks may be right.

11. *Fame.* Make famous. Elsewhere S. uses only the participle *famed*.

14. *Being fond on.* Doting on. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 266: "More fond on her than she upon her love." See also the verb (though Schmidt thinks it may as well be the adjective) in *T. N.* ii. 2. 35:

> "my master loves her dearly;
> And I, poor monster, fond as much on him."

LXXXV.—"Continues the subject of 84. Shakspere's friend is fond on praise; Shakspere's Muse is silent, while others compile comments of his praise" (Dowden).

1. *Tongue-tied muse.* Cf. 80. 4 above.

2. *Compil'd.* See on 78. 9 above.

3. *Reserve their character.* Probably corrupt. The Camb. ed. records the plausible anonymous conjecture, "Rehearse thy" (or "your"). Dowden suggests "Deserve their character" (=deserve to be written). Malone makes *reserve*=preserve (cf. 32. 7 above), but does not tell us what "preserve their character" can mean here.

4. *Fil'd.* Polished (as with a file). Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 12: "his tongue filed." See also on 86. 13 below.

11. *But that.* That is, what I *add*.

LXXXVI.—"Continues the subject of 85, and explains the cause of Shakspere's silence" (Dowden).

1. *Proud full sail.* Cf. 80. 6 above.

4. *Making their tomb the womb*, etc. Malone compares *R. and J.* ii. 3. 9:

> "The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;
> What is her burying grave, that is her womb."

See also *Per.* ii. 3. 45:

> "Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men:
> He 's both their parent and he is their grave;"

and Milton, *P. L.* ii. 911: "The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." We find the same thought in Lucretius, v. 259: "Omniparens eadem rerum commune sepulcrum."

5–10. *See p. 24* and p. 40, foot-note, above.

8. *Astonished.* Stunned as by a thunderstroke. Cf. *R. of L.* 1730: "Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed," etc.

13. *Fill'd up his line.* Malone, Steevens, and D. read "fil'd," etc. Steevens cites B. J., *Verses on Shakespeare:* "In his well-torned and true-filed lines." But, as Dowden notes, *fill'd up his line* is opposed to *then lack'd I matter.* The quarto has "fild," as in 17. 2 and 63. 3; while it has "fil'd" in 85. 4.

LXXXVII.—"Increasing coldness on his friend's part brings S. to the point of declaring that all is over between them. This sonnet in form is distinguished by double-rhymes throughout" (Dowden).

4. *Determinate.* "Determined, ended, out of date. The term is used in legal conveyances" (Malone). Schmidt explains the word as = "limited;" as in *T. N.* ii. 1. 11: "my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy."

8. *Patent.* Privilege. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 80: "my virgin patent;" *A. W.* iv. 5. 69: "a patent for his sauciness," etc.

11. *Misprision.* Mistake, error. Cf. *Much Ado,* iv. 1. 187: "There is some strange misprision in the princes," etc.

14. *No such matter.* Nothing of the kind. Cf. *Much Ado,* ii. 3. 225: "the sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter," etc.

LXXXVIII.—"In continuation. S. still asserts his own devotion, though his unfaithful friend not only should forsake him, but even hold him in scorn" (Dowden).

1. *Set me light.* Set light by me, esteem me lightly. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 293: "The man that mocks at it and sets it light."

7. *Attainted.* See on 82. 2 above.

8. *Shalt.* The quarto has "shall;" corrected by Sewell.

12. *Double-vantage.* The hyphen was inserted by Malone.

LXXXIX.—"Continues the subject of 88, showing how S. will take part with his friend against himself" (Dowden).

3. *My lameness.* See on 37. 3 above.

6. *To set a form,* etc. By giving a good semblance to the change which you desire. Palgrave makes it = "by defining the change you desire." For the infinitive, see Gr. 356. Dowden compares *M. N. D.* i. 1. 233.

8. *I will acquaintance strangle.* "I will put an end to our familiarity" (Malone). Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 150: "That makes thee strangle thy propriety" (disavow thy personality); *A. and C.* ii. 6. 130: "the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity." Malone calls *strangle* "uncouth;" but, as K. asks, "why is any word called *uncouth* which expresses a meaning more clearly and forcibly than any other word? The miserable affectation of the last age, in rejecting words that in sound appeared not to harmonize with the mincing prettiness of polite conversation, emasculated our language; and it will take some time to restore it to its ancient nervousness."

13. *Debate.* Contest, quarrel; the only meaning in S. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 116:

"And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension."

XC.—"Takes up the last word of 89, and pleads pathetically for hatred; for the worst, speedily, if at all" (Dowden).

6. *The rearward,* etc. Malone compares *Much Ado,* iv. 1. 128:

"Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life."

13. *Strains of woe.* Dowden quotes *Much Ado,* v. 1. 12:

"Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain."

XCI.—"Having in 90 thought of his own persecution at the hand of Fortune, S. here contrasts his state with that of the favourites of Fortune, maintaining that if he had but assured possession of his friend's love, he would lack none of their good things" (Dowden).

3. *New-fangled.* Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 106 and *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 152.

4. *Horse.* Probably a contracted plural. See *Macb.* p. 204, or Gr. 471. Cf. *sense* in 112. 10 below.

9. *Better.* The quarto has "bitter;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

XCII.—"In close connection with 91. This sonnet argues for the contradictory of the last two lines of that immediately preceding it. No: you cannot make me wretched by taking away your love, for, with such a loss, death must come and free me from sorrow" (Dowden).

10. *On thy revolt doth lie.* Hangs upon thy faithlessness. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 188: "The smallest doubt or fear of her revolt," etc.

13. *Blessed-fair.* Hyphened by Malone.

XCIII.—"Carries on the thought of the last line of 92" (Dowden).

7. *In many's looks.* Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 91: "in many's eyes" (omitted by Schmidt).

11. *What'er.* The quarto has "what ere;" corrected by Gildon.

XCIV.—"In 93 Shakspere has described his friend as able to show a sweet face while harbouring false thoughts; the subject is enlarged on in the present sonnet. They who can hold their passions in check, who can seem loving yet keep a cool heart, who move passion in others, yet are cold and unmoved themselves—they rightly inherit from heaven large gifts, for they husband them; whereas passionate intemperate natures squander their endowments; those who can assume this or that semblance as they see reason are the masters and owners of their faces; others have no property in such excellences as they possess, but hold them for the advantage of the prudent self-contained persons. True, these self-contained persons may seem to lack generosity; but, then, without making voluntary gifts they give inevitably, even as the summer's flower is sweet to the summer, though it live and die only to itself. Yet, let

such an one beware of corruption, which makes odious the sweetest flowers" (Dowden).

4. *Cold.* The quarto has "could;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

6. *Expense.* Expenditure, waste. Cf. 129. 1 below.

11. *Base.* St. conjectures "foul," and Walker "barest" for *basest* in the next line.

14. *Lilies*, etc. This line is found also in *Edw. III.* ii. 1, the passage being as follows:

> "A spacious field of reasons could I urge
> Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
> That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
> Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
> Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds;
> And every glory, that inclines to sin,
> The same is treble by the opposite."

The scene is one that some critics ascribe to S. The play was first printed in 1596. See also on 142. 6 below. *Fester*=rot; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 88 and *R. and J.* iv. 3. 43.

Dowden compares with this sonnet *T. N.* iii. 4. 399 fol.: "But O how vile an idol," etc.

XCV.—"Continues the warning of 94. 13, 14. Though now you seem to make the shame beautiful, beware! a time will come when it may be otherwise" (Dowden).

2. *Canker.* See on 35. 4 above.

8. *Naming thy name*, etc. Steevens compares *A. and C.* ii. 2. 243:

> "for vilest things
> Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
> Bless her when she is riggish."

12. *Turn.* The quarto has "turnes;" corrected by Sewell.

XCVI.—"Continues the subject of 95. Pleads against the misuse of his friend's gifts, against youthful licentiousness" (Dowden).

2. *Gentle sport.* Cf. 95. 6 above.

3. *More and less.* High and low'; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 68: "The more and less came in with cap and knee." See our ed. p. 192.

10. *If like a lamb*, etc. "If he could change his natural look, and assume the innocent visage of a lamb" (Malone). As Dowden notes, the thought of 9, 10 is expressed in different imagery in 93. For *translate*= transform, cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 113: "translate beauty into his likeness."

12. *The strength of all thy state.* "Used periphrastically, and =all thy strength" (Schmidt). Dowden makes *state*="majesty, splendour."

13, 14. The same couplet closes *Sonn.* 36. See p. 33 above.

XCVII.—"A new group of sonnets seems to begin here" (Dowden).

5. *This time removed.* "This time in which I was *remote* or absent from thee" (Malone). Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 92: "a twenty years removed thing."

6. *The teeming autumn*, etc. Malone compares *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 112: "The childing autumn," etc.

7. *Prime.* Spring; as in *R. of L.* 332: "To add a more rejoicing to the prime."

10. *Hope of orphans.* "Such hope as orphans bring; or, expectation of the birth of children whose father is dead" (Dowden).

XCVIII.—"The subject of 97 is Absence in Summer and Autumn; the subject of 98 and 99, Absence in Spring" (Dowden).

2. *Proud-pied April.* April in its richly variegated apparel. For *pied*, cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 904: "daisies pied," etc. On the passage, Malone compares *R. and J.* i. 2. 27:

> "Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
> When well-apparell'd April on the heel
> Of limping winter treads."

4. *That.* So that; as in 76. 7 above. *Heavy Saturn*="the gloomy side of nature; or the saturnine spirit in life" (Palgrave).

6. *Different flowers in*, etc. That is, flowers different in, etc. Cf. 44. 6 above. Gr. 419*a*.

7. *Summer's story.* Malone remarks: "By a *summer's story* S. seems to have meant some *gay fiction*. Thus his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls a *Midsummer* Night's Dream. * On the other hand, in *W. T.* he tells us 'a *sad tale's* best for *winter*.' So also in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 12:

> 'If 't be summer news,
> Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
> But keep that countenance still.'"

9. *Lily's.* The quarto has "lillies," which was probably meant to be the possessive; but Malone and others retain it as the objective plural.

11. *They were but sweet*, etc. "The poet refuses to enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only* sweet, *only* delightful, so far as they resemble his friend" (Steevens). Malone would read "They were, my sweet," etc. Lettsom proposes "They were but fleeting figures of delight."

XCIX.—"In connection with the last line of 98. The present sonnet has fifteen lines, as also has one of the sonnets in Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*" (Dowden).

6. *Condemned for thy hand.* Condemned for stealing the whiteness of thy hand.

7. *And buds of marjoram*, etc. Dowden compares Suckling's *Tragedy of Brennoralt*, iv. 1:

> "Hair curling, and cover'd like buds of marjoram;
> Part tied in negligence, part loosely flowing."

He adds: "Mr. H. C. Hart tells me that buds of marjoram are dark

* Dowden asks: "But is not *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* so named because on Midsummer Eve men's dreams ran riot, ghosts were visible, maidens practised divination for husbands, and 'midsummer madness' (*T. N.* iii. 4. 61) reached its height?"

purple-red before they open, and afterwards pink; dark auburn I suppose would be the nearest approach to marjoram in the colour of hair. Mr. Hart suggests that the marjoram has stolen not colour but *perfume* from the young man's hair. Gervase Markham gives sweet marjoram as an ingredient in 'The water of sweet smells,' and Culpepper says 'marjoram is much used in all odoriferous waters.' Cole (*Adam in Eden*, ed. 1657) says 'Marjerome is a chief ingredient in most of those powders that Barbers use, in whose shops I have seen great store of this herb hung up.'"

8. *On thorns did stand.* A quibbling allusion to the proverbial expression, "to stand on thorns." Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 596: "But O the thorns we stand upon!"

9. *One.* The quarto has "Our;" corrected by Sewell.

13. *Canker.* See on 35. 4 above.

15. *Sweet.* Walker conjectures "scent."

C.—"Written after a cessation from sonnet-writing, during which S. had been engaged in authorship—writing plays for the public as I suppose, instead of poems for his friend" (Dowden).

3. *Fury.* Poetic enthusiasm or inspiration. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 229: "what fury hath inspir'd thee now?" So we have "prophetic fury" in *Oth.* iii. 4. 72.

9. *Resty.* Too fond of *rest*, torpid; as in *Cymb.* iii. 6. 34: "resty sloth," etc. D. quotes Coles, *Latin Dict.*: "Resty, *piger*, *lentus*."

11. *Satire.* Satirist. Walker quotes B. J., *Masque of Time Vindicated*: "'T is Chronomastix, the brave satyr;" *Poetaster*, v. 1: "The honest satyr hath the happiest soul" [*satyr* and *satire* were used interchangeably in this sense]; Goffe, *Courageous Turk*, ii. 3:

> "Poor men may love, and none their wills correct,
> But all turn satires of a king's affect;"

Shirley, *Witty Fair One*, i. 3: "prithee, Satire, choose another walk," etc.

14. *So thou prevent'st*, etc. "So by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapons" (Steevens).

CI.—"Continues the address to his Muse, calling on her to sing again the praises of his friend: 100 calls on her to praise his beauty; 101, his 'truth in beauty dyed'" (Dowden).

6. *His colour.* That of my friend.

7. *Lay.* That is, lay on, like a painter's colours. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 258:

> "'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

11. *Him.* Changed to "her" in the ed. of 1640; as *him* and *he* in 14 to "her" and "she."

CII.—"In continuation. An apology for having ceased to sing" (Dowden).

3. *That love is merchandiz'd*, etc. See on 21. 14 above; and cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 13:

> "my beauty, though but mean,
> Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
> Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
> Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues."

7. *In summer's front.* In the beginning of summer. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 3: "Peering in April's front."

8. *Her pipe.* The quarto has "his pipe;" corrected by Housman (*Coll. of Eng. Sonnets*, 1835).

9. *Not that the summer*, etc. Capell quotes *M. of V.* v. 1. 104:

> "The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than the wren."

CIII.—"Continues the same apology" (Dowden).

3. *The argument, all bare.* The mere *theme* of my verse.

7. *Blunt.* Dull, clumsy.

9. *Striving to mend*, etc. Malone compares *Lear*, i. 4. 369: "Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well."

CIV.—"Resumes the subject from which the poet started in 100. After absence and cessation from song, he resurveys his friend's face, and inquires whether Time has stolen away any of its beauty. Note the important reference to time, three years 'since first I saw you fresh'" (Dowden).

3. *Winters.* D. reads "winters'," which may be right.

4. *Summers' pride.* Steevens cites *R. and J.* i. 2. 10: "Let two more summers wither in their pride."

10. *Steal from his figure.* Creep away from the figure on the dial. Cf. 77. 7 above.

CV.—"To the beauty praised in 100, and the truth and beauty in 101, S. now adds a third perfection, kindness; and these three sum up the perfections of his friend" (Dowden).

1. *Let not my love*, etc. "Because the continual repetition of the same praises seemed like a form of worship" (Walker). Cf. 108. 1–8.

14. *Never kept seat.* Gildon reads "never sate," and Sewell "have never sate."

CVI.—"The last line of 105 declares that his friend's perfections were never before possessed by one person. This leads the poet to gaze backward on the famous persons of former ages, men and women, his friend being possessor of the united perfections of both man and woman (as in 20 and 53)" (Dowden).

1. *Chronicle.* Hales (quoted by Dowden) asks: "What *chronicle* is he thinking of? The *Faerie Queene?*" *The chronicle of wasted time* may be simply = the history of the past.

8. *Master.* Possess, control; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 137: "these he masters now," etc.

9. Dowden compares Constable's *Diana:*

> "Miracle of the world, I never will deny
> That former poets praise the beauty of their days;
> But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise,
> And all those poets did of thee but prophesy."

11. *And for they look'd.* And because they looked. See on 54. 9 above.

12. *Skill.* The quarto has "still;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt and Capell).

CVII.—"Continues the celebration of his friend, and rejoices in their restored affection. Mr. Massey explains this sonnet as a song of triumph for the death of Elizabeth, and the deliverance of Southampton from the Tower. Elizabeth (Cynthia) is the eclipsed mortal moon of line 5; cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 153:

> 'Alack, our terrene moon [Cleopatra]
> Is now eclips'd.'

But an earlier reference to a moon-eclipse (35. 3) has to do with his friend, not with Elizabeth, and in the present sonnet the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright. I interpret (as Mr. Simpson does, in his *Philosophy of Shakspere's Sonnets*, p. 79): 'Not my own fears (that my friend's beauty may be on the wane (see 104. 9–14) nor the prophetic soul of the world, prophesying in the persons of dead knights and ladies your perfections (see 106), and so prefiguring your death, can confine my lease of love to a brief term of years. Darkness and fears are past, the augurs of ill find their predictions falsified, doubts are over, peace has come in place of strife; the love in my heart is fresh and young (see 108. 9), and I have conquered Death, for in this verse we both shall find life in the memories of men'" (Dowden).

4. *Suppos'd as forfeit*, etc. "Supposed to be a lease expiring within a limited term" (Dowden).

Confin'd. For the accent, see on 33. 7. For the ordinary accent, cf. 105. 7 and 110. 12.

5. *Eclipse.* See on 60. 7 above.

6. *Mock their own presage.* "Laugh at the futility of their own predictions" (Steevens).

7. *Incertainties.* Cf. 115. 11 below, and *W. T.* iii. 2. 170. These are the only instances of the word in S., and *uncertainty* also occurs three times.

8. *And peace proclaims*, etc. "The peace completed early in 1609, which ended the war between Spain and the United Provinces, might answer to the tone of this sonnet. Mr. Massey dates it at the accession of James I., and argues that the *eclipse* of the *mortal moon* refers to the death of Elizabeth" (Palgrave). See Dowden's note above.

10. *My love looks fresh.* "I am not sure whether this means 'the love in my heart,' or 'my love' = my friend. Compare 104. 8 and 108. 9" (Dowden).

Subscribes. Yields, submits. Cf. *Lear*, p. 178.

12. *Insults o'er.* Exults or triumphs over. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 14: "insulting o'er his prey."

CVIII.—"How can 'this poor rhyme' which is to give us both unending life (107. 10–14) be carried on? Only by saying over again the same old things. But eternal love, in 'love's fresh case' (an echo of 'my love looks fresh,' 107. 10), knows no age, and finds what is old still fresh and young" (Dowden).

3. *New to register.* The quarto has "now" for *new;* corrected by Malone. Walker would read "What 's now to speak, what now," etc.

5. *Sweet boy.* The ed. of 1640 has "sweet-love."

9. *Love's fresh case.* "Love's new condition and circumstances, the new youth of love spoken of in 107. 10" (Dowden). Malone takes it to be a reference to the poet's own compositions.

13, 14. *Finding,* etc. "Finding the first conception of love—that is, love as passionate as at first—excited by one whose years and outward form show the effects of age" (Dowden).

CIX.—"The first ardour of love is now renewed as in the days of our early friendship (108. 13, 14). But what of the interval of absence and estrangement? S. confesses his wanderings, yet declares that he was never wholly false" (Dowden).

2. *Qualify.* Temper, moderate. Cf. *R. of L.* 424:

> "His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
> Slack'd, not suppress'd," etc.

4. *In thy breast.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 826: "Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast." See also *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 121, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 204, etc.

5. *My home of love,* etc. Malone compares *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 170:

> "My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
> And now to Helen is it home return'd."

7. *Just to the time,* etc. "Punctual to the time, not altered with the time" (Dowden); the only instance of this sense of *exchanged* in S.

11. *Stain'd.* St. conjectures "strain'd."

14. *My rose.* Cf. 1. 2 above.

CX.—"In 109 S. has spoken of having wandered from his 'home of love;' here he continues the subject, 'Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there.' This sonnet and the next are commonly taken to express distaste for his life as a player" (Dowden).

2. *Motley.* A wearer of *motley,* that is, a fool or jester. See *A. Y. L.* p. 162.

3. *Gor'd mine own thoughts.* That is, done violence to them. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 228: "My fame is shrewdly gor'd," etc.

4. *Made old offences,* etc. "Entered into new friendships and loves which were transgressions against my old love" (Dowden).

6. *Strangely.* Distantly, mistrustfully. Cf. 49. 5 above.

7. *Blenches.* Startings-aside, aberrations; the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. the verb in *W. T.* i. 2. 333, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 68, *M. for M.* iv. 5. 5, etc.

9. *Have what shall have no end.* Malone reads "save what" (the conjecture of Tyrwhitt); but the meaning is "now all my wanderings and errors are over, take love which has no end" (Dowden).

10. *Grind.* Whet.

12. *A god in love*, etc. "This line seems to be a reminiscence of the thoughts expressed in 105, and to refer to the First Commandment" (Dowden).

CXI.—"Continues the apology for his wanderings of heart, ascribing them to his ill fortune—that, as commonly understood, which compels him to a player's way of life" (Dowden).

1. *With.* The quarto has "wish;" corrected by Gildon. For *chide with*, cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 32, *Oth.* iv. 2. 167, etc.

2. *Harmful.* The ed. of 1640 has "harmlesse."

10. *Eisel.* Vinegar. Skelton (quoted by Nares) says of Jesus:

> "He drank eisel and gall
> To redeeme us withal."

Cf. *Ham.* p. 265.

CXII.—"Takes up the word *pity* from 111. 14, and declares that his friend's love and pity compensate the dishonours of his life, spoken of in the last sonnet" (Dowden).

4. *O'er-green.* Sewell reads "o'er-skreen," and Steevens conjectures "o'er-grieve." *Allow*=approve; as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 194:

> "O heavens,
> If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
> Allow obedience."

Cf. *Ps.* xi. 6 (Prayer-Book version): "The Lord alloweth the righteous."

7. *None else*, etc. "No one living for me except you, nor I alive to any, who can change my feelings fixed as steel either for good or ill—either to pleasure or pain" (Dowden). Malone conjectures "e'er changes," and K. "so changes." D. prints "sense'," both here and in 10 below. In the latter case it is pretty certainly the contracted plural (see on 91. 4 above), and perhaps here also.

9. *Abysm.* Printed "*Abysme*" in the quarto. See on 20. 7 above.

10. *Adder's sense.* For other allusions to the proverbial deafness of the adder, see 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 76 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 172.

11. *Critic.* Carper; the only meaning in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* p. 141.

12. *With . . . dispense.* Excuse. See *C. of E.* p. 117, note on 103.

13. *So strongly*, etc. "So kept and harbour'd in my thoughts" (Schmidt).

14. *Are dead.* The quarto has "y' are;" corrected by Malone (1780). D. and Dowden read "they 're."

CXIII.—"In connection with 112; the writer's mind and senses are filled with his friend; in 112 he tells how his ear is stopped to all other voices but one beloved voice; here he tells how his eye sees things only as related to his friend" (Dowden).

3. *Part his function.* Divide its function. H. makes *part*="depart from, forsake;" but *partly* confirms the other explanation.

6. *Latch.* Catch. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 195: "Where hearing should not latch them;" and see our ed. p. 244. The quarto has "lack;" corrected by Malone.

10. *Favour.* Countenance, aspect. Cf. 125. 5 below. See also *Prov.* xxxi. 30.

14. *Makes mine eye untrue.* The quarto reads "maketh mine untrue," which Malone explains thus: "The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth, that is, my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind;" and W. as follows: "maketh the semblance, the fictitious (and so the false or untrue) object which is constantly before me." On the whole, we prefer the reading in the text, which occurred independently to Capell and Malone. Coll. suggests "maketh my eyne untrue," and Lettsom "mak'th mine eye untrue."

CXIV.—"Continues the subject treated in 113, and inquires why and how it is that his eye gives a false report of objects" (Dowden).

4. *Alchemy.* Printed "*Alcumie*" in the quarto. See on 20. 7 above.

5. *Indigest.* Chaotic, formless. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 157: "foul indigested lump;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 51: "an indigested and deformed lump." These are the only instances of the words in S.

6. *Cherubins.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 152: "a cherubin;" and see our ed. p. 115.

9. *'T is flattery in my seeing.* Dowden quotes *T. N.* i. 5. 238:

> "I do I know not what, and fear to find
> Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind."

11. *What with his gust is greeing.* What suits its (the eye's) taste. The quarto has *greeing*, not "'greeing," as commonly printed. See Wb. For *gust*, cf. *T. N.* i. 3. 33: "the gust he hath in quarrelling," etc.

13, 14. As Steevens remarks, the allusion is here to the *tasters* to princes, whose office it was to taste and declare the good quality of dishes and liquors served up. Cf. *K. John*, v. 6. 28: "who did taste to him?" and see *Rich. II.* p. 220, note on *Taste of it first.*

CXV.—"Shakspere now desires to show that love has grown through error and seeming estrangement. Before trial and error love was but a babe" (Dowden).

11. *Certain o'er incertainty*, etc. Cf. 107. 7 above.

CXVI.—"Admits his wanderings, but love is fixed above all the errors and trials of man and man's life" (Dowden).

2. *Impediments.* Alluding to the Marriage Service: "If any of you know cause or just impediment," etc.

Love is not love, etc. Steevens quotes *Lear*, i. 1. 241:

> "Love 's not love
> When it is mingled with regards that stands
> Aloof from the entire point."

5. *An ever-fixed mark*, etc. Malone cites *Cor.* v. iii. 74: "Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw."

8. *Whose worth 's unknown*, etc. Apparently, whose stellar influence is unknown, although his angular altitude has been determined" (Palgrave); an astrological allusion. Dowden remarks: "The passage seems to mean, As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, beside its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies. This interpretation is confirmed by the next sonnet (117) in which the simile of sailing at sea is introduced; Shakspere there confesses his wanderings, and adds as his apology

'I did strive to prove
The *constancy* and *virtue* of your love'—

constancy, the guiding fixedness of love; *virtue*, the 'unknown worth.' Walker proposed 'whose *north* 's unknown,' explaining 'As, by following the guidance of the northern star, a ship may sail an immense way, yet never reach the true north; so the limit of love is unknown. Or can any other good sense be made of "*north*"? *Judicent rei astronomicæ periti.*' Dr. Ingleby (*The Soule Arayed*, 1872, pp. 5, 6, note) after quoting in connection with this passage the lines in which Cæsar speaks of himself (*J. C.* iii. 1) as 'constant as the northern star,' writes: 'Here human virtue is figured under the "true-fix'd and resting quality" of the northern star. Surely, then, the *worth* spoken of must be *constancy* or *fixedness*. The sailor must know that the star has this worth, or his latitude would not depend on its altitude. Just so without the knowledge of this worth in love, a man "hoists sail to all the winds," and is "frequent with unknown minds."' *Height*, it should be observed, was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of value, and the word may be used here in a double sense, *altitude* (of the star) and *value* (of love); love whose worth is unknown, however it may be valued."

9. *Time's fool.* The sport or mockery of Time. Malone quotes 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 81: "But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool."

11. *His brief hours.* Referring to *Time.*

12. *The edge of doom.* Cf. *A. W.* iii. 3. 5:

"We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard."

CXVII.—"Continues the confession of his wanderings from his friend, but asserts that it was only to try his friend's constancy in love" (Dowden).

5. *Frequent.* Intimate. In the only other instance of the word in S. (*W. T.* iv. 2. 36) it is =addicted. *Unknown minds*=persons of little note, or obscure.

6. *To time.* To the world, or society. Cf. 70. 6 above. Dowden suggests that the meaning may be, "given away to temporary occasion what is your property and therefore an heirloom for eternity." St. proposes "them" for *time.*

11. *Level.* Aim; a technical use of the word. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 190. See also the verb in 121. 9 below.

CXVIII.—"Continues the subject; adding that he had sought strange loves only to quicken his appetite for the love that is true" (Dowden).

1. *Like as.* See on 60. 1 above.

2. *Eager.* Tart, poignant (Fr. *aigre*); as in *Ham.* i. 5. 69: "eager droppings into milk."

4. *Purge.* Take a cathartic. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 168: "I 'll purge, and leave sack."

5. *Ne'er-cloying.* The quarto has "nere cloying," and the ed. of 1640 "neare cloying;" corrected by Malone (the conjecture of Theo.).

7. *Meetness.* Fitness, propriety; used by S. only here.

12. *Rank.* "Sick (of hypertrophy)," as Schmidt defines it. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 64: "To diet rank minds sick of happiness."

CXIX.—"In close connection with the preceding sonnet; showing the gains of ill, that strange loves have made the true love more strong and dear" (Dowden).

2. *Limbecks.* Alembics. The word occurs again in *Macb.* i. 7. 67.

3. *Applying fears to hopes.* "Setting fears against hopes" (Palgrave).

4. *Still losing*, etc. "Either, losing in the very moment of victory, or gaining victories (of other loves than those of his friend) which were indeed but losses" (Dowden).

7. *Fitted.* The word must be from the noun *fit*, and =started by the paroxysms or *fits* of his *fever*. Lettsom would read "flitted," which surely would be no improvement.

11. *Ruin'd love*, etc. "Note the introduction of the metaphor of rebuilt love, reappearing in later sonnets" (Dowden). Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 4, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 29, *T. and C.* iv. 2. 109, etc.

14. *Ill.* The quarto has "ile;" corrected by Malone.

CXX.—"Continues the apology for wanderings in love; not Shakespeare alone has so erred, but also his friend" (Dowden).

3. "I must needs be overwhelmed by the wrong I have done to you, knowing how I myself suffered when you were the offender" (Dowden).

6. *A hell of time.* Malone quotes *Oth.* iii. 3. 169:

> "But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
> Who dotes yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves;"

and *R. of L.* 1286:

> "And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
> When more is felt than one hath power to tell."

9. *Our.* St. conjectures "sour."

Remember'd. Reminded; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd," etc.

12. *Salve.* Dowden compares 34. 7 above.

CXXI.—"Though admitting his wanderings from his friend's love (118–120), S. refuses to admit the scandalous charges of unfriendly censors.

"Dr. Burgersdijk regards this sonnet as a defence of the stage against the Puritans" (Dowden).

2. *When not to be*, etc. When one is unjustly reproached with being so (that is, *vile*).

3, 4. *And the just pleasure*, etc. "And the legitimate pleasure lost, which is deemed vile, not by us who experience it, but by others who look on and condemn" (Dowden).

5. *Adulterate.* Lewd; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 79, and *L. C.* 175. It is =adulterous in *R. of L.* 1645, *Ham.* i. 5. 42, etc.

6. *Give salutation*, etc. Dowden quotes *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 103:

> "Would I had no being,
> If this salute my blood a jot!"

Sportive=amorous, wanton; as in *Rich. III.* i. 1. 14: "Shap'd for sportive tricks."

8. *In their wills.* "According to their pleasure" (Dowden).

11. *Bevel.* Slanting; figuratively opposed to *straight*, or "upright." The word is used by S. only here.

CXXII.—"An apology for having parted with *tables* (memorandum-book), the gift of his friend" (Dowden).

1. *Tables.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 107: "My tables—meet it is I set it down," etc.

On the passage, Malone compares *Ham.* i. 5. 98: "Yea, from the table of my memory," etc.; *Id.* i. 3. 58:

> "And these few precepts in thy memory
> Look thou character;"

and *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 3:

> "Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
> Are visibly character'd and engrav'd."

3. *That idle rank.* "That poor dignity (of tables written upon with pen or pencil)" (Dowden).

9. *That poor retention.* "The table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of containing, so much as the *tablet of the brain*" (Malone).

10. *Tallies.* Notched sticks used to "keep tally," as schoolboys still say. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 39: "our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally," etc.

CXXIII.—"In the last sonnet Shakspere boasts of his 'lasting memory' as the recorder of love; he now declares that the registers and records of Time are false, but Time shall impose no cheat upon his memory or heart" (Dowden).

2. *Thy pyramids.* "I think this is metaphorical; all that Time piles up from day to day, all his new stupendous erections are really but 'dressings of a former sight.' Is there a reference to the new love, the 'ruined love built anew' (119. 11), between the two friends? The same metaphor appears in the next sonnet: 'No, it [his love] was *builded* far from

accident;' and again in 125: 'Laid great bases for eternity,' etc. Does Shakspere mean here that this new love is really the same with the old love; *he* will recognize the identity of new and old, and not wonder at either the past or present?" (Dowden.) *Dressings*=adornings.

5. *Admire.* Wonder at; as in *T. N.* iii. 4. 165: "Wonder not, nor admire not," etc.

7. *And rather make them*, etc. "*Them* refers to '*what* thou dost foist,' etc.; we choose rather to think such things new, and specially created for our satisfaction, than, as they really are, old things of which we have already heard" (Dowden).

11. *Records.* S. accents the noun on either syllable, as may suit the measure. Cf. 55. 8 above.

CXXIV.—"Continues the thought of 123. 13, 14. The writer's love, being unconnected with motives of self-interest, is independent of Fortune and Time" (Dowden).

1. *State.* Rank, power.

4. *Weeds*, etc. "My love might be subject to *time's hate*, and so plucked up as a weed, or subject to *time's love*, and so gathered as a flower" (Dowden).

5. *Builded.* The participle is oftener *built;* as in 119. 11 and 123. 2 above.

7, 8. "When time puts us, who have been in favour, out of fashion" (Dowden).

9. *Policy, that heretic.* "The prudence of self-interest, which is faithless in love. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 95 (Romeo speaking of eyes unfaithful to the beloved): 'Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars'" (Dowden).

11. *Hugely politic.* "Love itself is infinitely prudent, prudent for eternity" (Dowden). H. takes the phrase to be="organized or knit together in a huge *polity* or *State;*" to which we can only add his own comment: "Rather an odd use of *politic*, to us."

12. *That.* So that; as in 76. 7 and 98. 4 above. Steevens conjectures "glows" for *grows*, and Capell "dries."

13, 14. *To this I witness*, etc. Dowden asks: "Does this mean, 'I call to witness the transitory unworthy loves (*fools of time*=sports of time—cf. 116. 9), whose death was a virtue since their life was a crime?" Steevens thinks that *fools of time*, etc., may be "a stroke at some of Fox's Martyrs;" and Palgrave says: "apparently, the plotters and political martyrs of the time." H. suggests that it may mean, "those fools who make as if they would die for virtue after having devoted their lives to vice."

CXXV.—"In connection with 124: there S. asserted that his love was not subject to time, as friendships founded on self-interest are; here he asserts that it is not founded on beauty of person, and therefore cannot pass away with the decay of such beauty. It is pure love for love" (Dowden).

1. *Bore the canopy.* That is, paid outward homage, as one who bears a canopy over a superior. King James I. made his progress through

London, 1603–4, under a canopy. In the account of the King and Queen's entertainment at Oxford, 1605, we read (Nichol's *Progresses of King James*, vol. i. p. 546, quoted by Dowden): "From thence was carried over the King and Queen a fair canopy of crimson taffety by six of the Canons of the Church."

2. *Extern.* Outward show. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 63: "compliment extern." Elsewhere S. uses *external;* as in 53. 13 above. On the passage, cf. 69. 1–5 above.

3. *Or laid*, etc. "The love of the earlier sonnets, which celebrated the beauty of Shakspere's friend, was to last forever, and yet it has been ruined" (Dowden).

5. *Favour.* Outward appearance. Cf. 113. 10 above.

6. *Lose all, and more.* "Cease to love, and through satiety even grow to dislike" (Dowden).

9. *Obsequious.* Devoted, zealous. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 2: "I see you are obsequious in your love," etc. H. explains it as = "mourned or lamented."

11. *Mix'd with seconds.* Steevens remarks: "I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say." *Seconds* is still used (at least in this country) in the sense which Steevens mentions. We have little doubt that he is right in his explanation of the figure, which is not unlike the familiar one of the wheat and the chaff (cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 111, *Cymb.* i. 6. 178, etc.); but K. thinks otherwise. He says, after quoting Steevens's note, "Mr. Dyce called this note 'preposterously absurd.' Steevens, however, knew what he was doing. He mentions the flour, as in almost every other note upon the Sonnets, to throw discredit upon compositions with which he could not sympathize. He had a sharp, cunning, pettifogging mind; and he knew many prosaic things well enough. He knew that a *second* in a duel, a *seconder* in a debate, a *secondary* in ecclesiastical affairs, meant one next to the principal. The poet's friend has his chief oblation; no *seconds*, or inferior persons, are mixed up with his tribute of affection.

"In the copy of the Sonnets in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to Malone (and which is bound in the same volume with the *Lucrece*, etc.), is a very cleverly drawn caricature representing Shakspere addressing a periwig-pated old fellow in these lines:

> 'If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
> The water of my Sonnets, find their disease,
> Or purge my Editor till he understood them,
> I would applaud thee.'

Under this Malone has written, 'Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779, to peruse the *Rape of Lucrece*, in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and attended by Mr. Atkinson, the apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakspeare addresses, is a caricature.'"

12. *Mutual render.* "Give-and-take. This sonnet appears directed against some one who had charged him with superficial love" (Palgrave).

13. *Suborn'd informer.* Dowden asks: "Does this refer to an actual person, one of the spies of 121. 7, 8? or is the *informer* Jealousy, or Suspicion, as in *V. and A.* 655?"

CXXVI.—"This is the concluding poem of the series addressed to Shakspere's friend; it consists of six rhymed couplets. In the quarto parentheses follow the twelfth line thus:

( )
( )

as if to show that two lines are wanting. But there is no good reason for supposing that the poem is defective. In William Smith's *Chloris*, 1596, a 'sonnet' (No. 27) of this six-couplet form appears" (Dowden).

2. *Fickle hour.* The quarto reads "sickle, hower," and Lintott "fickle hower." The old text has not been satisfactorily explained. W. (if his note is meant to be taken seriously) regards the line as "a most remarkable instance of inversion for 'Dost hold Time's fickle *hour-glass*, his sickle.'" Walker conjectures "sickle-hour," the *hour* being, as he thinks, "represented poetically as a sickle;" which H. adopts, adding that the figure is used "for the same reason that Time is elsewhere pictured as being armed with a scythe." We assume that "sickle" was a misprint for *fickle* (an easy slip of the type when the long *s* was in vogue), and explain, with Mr. J. Crosby: "*during* its fickle hour. The *boy* simply held Time's fickle glass *while it ran* its fickle hourly course. *Dost hold*=dost hold in hand, in check, *in thy power;* and *fickle hour*= Time's course that is subject to mutation and vicissitude." This seems to us the best that can be done for this puzzling passage. For *his*=its, cf. 9. 10, 14. 6, 74. 7, and 84. 6 above.

5. *Wrack.* For the rhyme, cf. *V. and A.* 558, *R. of L.* 841, 965, and *Mach.* v. 5. 51. See also on 65. 6 above.

9. *Minion.* Darling, favourite. See *Mach.* p. 153.

12. *Quietus.* "This is the technical term for the acquittance which every sheriff receives on settling his accounts at the Exchequer. Compare Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, i. 1: 'And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt, Being now my steward, here upon your lips I sign your *Quietus est*'" (Steevens). S. uses the word again in *Ham.* iii. 1. 75.

To render thee. "To yield thee up, surrender thee. When Nature is called to a reckoning (by Time?) she obtains her acquittance upon surrendering thee, her chief treasure" (Dowden).

CXXVII.—"The sonnets addressed to his lady begin here. Steevens called attention to the fact that 'almost all that is said here on the subject of complexion is repeated in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 250–258: "O, who can give an oath?" etc.'

"Herr Krauss points out several resemblances between *Sonn.* 126–152 and the Fifth Song of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (that beginning 'While favour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought'), in which may be felt 'the ground tone of the whole series' of later sonnets" (Dowden).

1. *In the old age black was not counted fair.* W. remarks: "This is an

allusion to the remarkable fact that during the chivalric ages brunettes were not acknowledged as beauties anywhere in Christendom. In all the old *contes, fabliaux*, and romances that I am acquainted with, the heroines are blondes. And more, the possession of dark eyes and hair, and the complexion that accompanies them, is referred to by the troubadours as a misfortune."

3. *Successive.* By order of succession; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 49: "As next the king he was successive heir."

7. *Bower.* Habitation. Malone reads "hour."

9. *My mistress' brows.* The quarto has "eyes" for *brows*, which is due to the Camb. editors. Walker conjectures "hairs." Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 8:

> "Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
> Become some women best," etc.

10. *Suited.* Clad; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 79, *A. W.* i. 1. 170, etc. For *and they* D. reads "as they."

12. *Slandering creation*, etc. "Dishonouring nature with a spurious reputation, a fame gained by dishonest means" (Dowden).

13. *Becoming of.* Gracing. For *of* with verbals, see Gr. 178.

CXXVIII.—1. *My music.* Cf. 8. 1 above.

5. *Envy.* Accented on the second syllable; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 18: "Is it for him you do envy me so?" Malone compares Marlowe, *Edw. II.*: "If for the dignities thou be envy'd;" and Sir John Davies, *Epigrams*: "Why doth not Ponticus their fame envy?"

Jacks. The keys of the virginal, or the *piano* of the time. For the instrument, see *Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 177. Steevens quotes *Ram Alley*, 1611:

> "Where be these rascals that skip up and down
> Like virginal jacks?"

11. *Thy.* The quarto has "their," as in 14; corrected by Gildon.

CXXIX.—1. *Expense.* Expenditure. Cf. 94. 6 above.

2. *Lust.* The subject of the sentence.

9. *Mad.* The quarto has "Made;" corrected by Gildon.

11. *Prov'd, a very woe.* The quarto reads "proud and very wo;" corrected by Sewell and Malone.

CXXX.—"She is not beautiful to others, but beautiful she is to me, although I entertain no fond illusions, and see her as she is" (Dowden).

4. *If hairs be wires.* Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 64:

> "O, what love I note
> In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
> Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
> Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
> Do glue themselves," etc.

5. *Damask'd.* Variegated. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 123: "Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask."

14. *Any she.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 83: "the only she," etc. For *compare*, see on 21. 5 above.

CXXXI.—"Connected with 130; praise of his lady, black, but, to her lover, beautiful" (Dowden).

6. *Groan.* Cf. 133. 1 below. See also *V. and A.* 785: "No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan," etc.

14. *This slander.* That her face has not the power to make love groan.

CXXXII.—"Connected with 131: there S. complains of the cruelty and tyranny of his lady; here the same subject is continued and a plea made for her pity" (Dowden).

2. *Knowing thy heart torments.* The quarto has "torment" for *torments*, and Malone reads "Knowing thy heart, torment," etc. The text is that of the ed. of 1640.

4. *Ruth.* Pity. See *Rich. II.* p. 199.

9. *Mourning.* The quarto has "morning," and probably, as Dowden suggests, a play was intended on *morning sun* and *mourning face.*

12. *Suit thy pity like.* That is, clothe it similarly, let it appear the same.

CXXXIII.—"Here Shakspere's heart 'groans' (see 131) for the suffering of his friend as well as his own" (Dowden).

1. *Beshrew.* On this mild imprecation, see *Rich. II.* p. 192.

11. *Keeps.* That is, guards.

CXXXIV.—"In close connection with 133" (Dowden).

5. *Wilt not.* That is, wilt not restore him.

9. *Statute.* "*Statute* has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money" (Malone).

10. *Use.* Interest; as in 6. 5 above.

11. *Came.* That is, who became. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 244.

CXXXV.—"Perhaps suggested by the second line of the last sonnet, 'I myself am mortgag'd to thy *will*'" (Dowden).

1. *Will.* "In this sonnet, in the next, and in 143 the quarto marks by italics and capital *W* the play on words, *Will*=William [Shakspere], *Will*=William, the Christian name of Shakspere's friend [? Mr. W. H.], and *Will*=desire, volition. Here '*Will* in overplus' means Will Shakspere, as the next line shows, 'more than enough am I.' The first 'Will' means *desire* (but as we know that his lady had a husband, it is possible that he also may have been a 'Will,' and that the first 'Will' here may refer to him besides meaning 'desire'); the second 'Will' is Shakspere's friend" (Dowden).

Halliwell remarks that in the time of S. quibbles of this kind were common, and he cites as an example the riddle on the name *William*, quoted from the *Book of Riddles* in our ed. of *M. W.* p. 135.

5. *Spacious.* A trisyllable, like *gracious* below. Gr. 479.

9. *The sea*, etc. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 103:

> "But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
> And can digest as much;"

and *Id.* i. 1. 11:

> "O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
> That, notwithstanding thy capacity
> Receiveth as the sea," etc.

13. *Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill.* A puzzling line, as it stands. Schmidt is doubtful whether *unkind* is a substantive, and, if so, whether it means "unnaturalness," or "aversion to the works of love." Palgrave paraphrases thus: "Let no unkindness, no fair-spoken rivals destroy me." Dowden says that if *unkind* is a substantive it must mean "unkind one (that is, his lady)," as in Daniel's *Delia*, 2d Sonnet: "And tell th' Unkind how dearly I have lov'd her." He adds that possibly *no fair* may mean "no fair one;" but suggests that perhaps we should print the line thus: "Let no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill;" that is, "let no unkind refusal kill fair beseechers." This strikes us as a very happy solution of the enigma, and we have been strongly tempted to adopt it in our text.

CXXXVI.—"Continues the play on words of 135" (Dowden).

6. *Ay, fill.* The quarto has "I fill;" but *ay* was usually printed "I." Dowden suggests that possibly there may be a play on *ay* and *I*.

8. *One is reckon'd none.* See on 8. 14 above.

10. *Store's.* The quarto has "stores;" the Camb. editors follow Malone in reading "stores'." Schmidt says of *Store:* "used only in the sing.; therefore in *Sonn.* 136. 10, *store's* not *stores'*." "Lines 9, 10 mean 'You need not count me when merely counting the *number* of those who hold you dear, but when estimating the *worth* of your possessions, you must have regard to me.' 'To set *store* by a thing or person' is a phrase connected with the meaning of 'store' in this passage" (Dowden).

12. *Something sweet.* Walker proposed and Dyce reads "something, sweet."

13, 14. "Love only my name (something less than loving myself), and then thou lovest me, for my name is Will, and I myself am all will, that is, all desire" (Dowden).

CXXXVII.—"In 136 he has prayed his lady to receive him in the blindness of love; he now shows how Love has dealt with his own eyes" (Dowden).

6. *Anchor'd.* Malone compares *A. and C.* i. 5. 33:,

> "and great Pompey
> Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
> There would he anchor his aspect;"

and Steevens adds *M. for M.* ii. 4. 4:

> "Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
> Anchors on Isabel."

9. *Several plot.* Halliwell says: "Fields that were enclosed were called *severals* in opposition to *commons*, the former belonging to individuals, the others to the inhabitants generally. When commons were enclosed, portions allotted to owners of freeholds, copyholds, and cottages, were

fenced in, and termed *severals*." Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 233: "My lips are no common though several they be;" and see our ed. p. 137.

CXXXVIII.—"Connected with 137. The frauds practised by blind love, and the blinded lovers, Shakspere and his lady, who yet must strive to blind themselves" (Dowden). This sonnet appeared as the first poem of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (published in 1599, when S. was in his 35th year) in the following form:

"When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false *forgeries*.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although *I know* my *years be* past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says *my love that* she is *young?*
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is *a soothing tongue*,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told,
Therefore *I 'll* lie with *love*, and *love* with me,
Since that our faults *in love thus smother'd* be."

11. *Habit.* Bearing, deportment.

CXXXIX.—"Probably connected with 138; goes on to speak of the lady's untruthfulness; he may try to believe her professions of truth, but do not ask him to justify the wrong she lays upon his heart" (Dowden).

3. *Wound me not with thine eye.* Malone quotes *R. and J.* ii. 4. 14: "stabbed with a white wench's black eye;" and Steevens adds 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 26: "Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!"

CXL.—"In connection with 139; his lady's 'glancing aside' of that sonnet reappears here, 'Bear thine eyes straight.' He complains of her excess of cruelty" (Dowden).

6. *To tell me so.* "To tell me thou *dost* love me" (Malone).

14. *Bear thine eyes straight*, etc. "That is, as it is expressed in 93. 4, 'Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place'" (Malone).

CXLI.—"In connection with 140; the proud heart of line 14 reappears here in line 12. His foolish heart loves her, and her proud heart punishes his folly by cruelty and tyranny. Compare with this sonnet Drayton, *Idea*, 29" (Dowden).

8. *Sensual feast.* Gratification of the senses.

9. *Five wits.* See *Much Ado*, p. 120.

11. *Who leaves unsway'd*, etc. "My heart ceases to govern me, and so leaves me no better than the likeness of a man—a man without a heart—in order that it may become slave to thy proud heart" (Dowden).

14. *Pain.* "In its old etymological sense of *punishment*" (Walker).

CXLII.—"In connection with 141; the first line takes up the word 'sin'

from the last line of that sonnet. 'Those whom thine eyes woo' carries on the complaint of 139. 6, and 140. 14" (Dowden).

6. *Their scarlet ornaments.* Cf. *Edw. III.* ii. 1: "His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments." The line occurs in the part of the play ascribed by some to S. See on 94. 14 above.

7. *Seal'd false bonds of love.* Cf. *V. and A.* 511:

> "Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
> What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?"

See also *M. for M.* iv. 1. 5, and *M. of V.* ii. 6. 6.

8. *Robb'd others' beds' revenues*, etc. "Implying, probably, that the lady had received the attentions of other *married* men" (Tyler).

13. *If thou dost seek*, etc. "If you seek for love, but will show none," etc.

CXLIII.—"Perhaps the last two lines of 142 suggest this. In that sonnet Shakspere says 'If you show no kindness, you can expect none from those you love;' here he says 'If you show kindness to me, I shall wish you success in your pursuit of him you seek'" (Dowden).

4. *Pursuit.* Accented on the first syllable; the only instance in S. Cf. *pursue* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 298: "We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence." Walker gives many examples of *pursuit;* as Heywood, *Dutchess of Suffolk:* "The eager pursuit of our enemies;" *Spanish Tragedy:* "Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths;" B. and F., *Wit at Several Weapons*, v. 1: "In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her;" Massinger, *Fatal Dowry*, ii. 2: "Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour," etc.

8. *Not prizing.* "Not regarding, not making any account of" (Malone).

13. *Will.* "Possibly, as Steevens takes it, Will Shakspere; but it seems as likely, or perhaps more likely, to be Shakspere's friend 'Will' [? W. H.]. The last two lines promise that Shakspere will pray for her success in the chase of the fugitive (Will?), on condition that, if successful, she will turn back to him, Shakspere, her babe" (Dowden).

CXLIV.—"This sonnet appears as the second poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim* with the following variations: in 2, 'That like;' in 3, '*My* better angel;' in 4, '*My* worser spirit;' in 6, 'from my *side*;' in 8, '*fair* pride;' in 11, '*For* being both *to* me;' in 13, 'The truth I shall not know' Compare with this sonnet the 20th of Drayton's *Idea:*

> 'An evil spirit, your beauty haunts me still,
> * * * * *
> Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill;
> * * * * *
> Thus am I still provok'd to every evil
> By that good-wicked spirit, sweet angel-devil.'

Compare also *Astrophel and Stella*, 5th Song:

> 'Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse than they,
> Alas, that I am forst such evill of thee to say,
> I say thou art a Divill though cloth'd in Angel's shining:
> For thy face tempts my soule to leave the heaven for thee,' etc." (Dowden).

2. *Suggest.* Tempt. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 358:

> "When devils will the blackest sins put on,
> They do suggest at first with heavenly shows."

See also *Rich. II.* pp. 153, 198.

6. *From my side.* The quarto has "sight;" corrected from the *P. P.* version.

11. *From me.* Away from me. Gr. 158.

14. *Till my bad angel*, etc. Dowden compares 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 365:

> "*Prince Henry.* For the women?
> *Falstaff.* For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls."

We prefer Hanmer's reading "burns, poor soul" (see our ed. p. 172), but the allusion in *burns* is the same in either case.

CXLV.—"The only sonnet written in eight-syllable verse. Some critics, partly on this ground, partly because the rhymes are ill-managed, reject it as not by Shakspere" (Dowden).

13. *I hate from hate*, etc. "She removed the words *I hate* to a distance from *hatred;* she changed their natural import . . . by subjoining *not you*" (Malone). He compares *R. of L.* 1534–1537. Steevens would read "I hate—away from hate she flew," etc.; that is, "having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour." Dowden is inclined to accept Malone's explanation, but thinks the meaning may possibly be, "from hatred to such words as *I hate*, she threw them away."

CXLVI.—2. *Press'd by these rebel powers*, etc. The quarto has "My sinfull earth these rebbell," etc. The corruption was doubtless due, as Malone suggests, to the compositor's inadvertently repeating the closing words of the first verse at the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables that belong there. Many emendations have been proposed: "Fool'd by those" (Malone), "Starv'd by the" (Steevens), "Fool'd by these" (D.), "Foil'd by these" (Palgrave), "Hemm'd with these" (Furnivall), "Thrall to these" (anonymous), "Slave of these" (Cartwright), "Leagued with these" (Brae), etc. *Press'd by* is due to Dowden, and is on the whole as good a guess as any that has been made.

Array is explained by some as =clothe. Massey thinks it also signifies "that in the flesh these rebel powers set their battle in array against the soul." Dr. Ingleby, in his pamphlet *The Soule Arayed*, 1872 (reprinted in *Shakespeare: the Man and the Book*, Part I., 1877), takes the ground that *array* (or *aray*) is =abuse, afflict, ill-treat. He gives several examples of this sense from writers of the time. It is not found elsewhere in S., but we have *rayed* in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 54 and iv. 1. 3, where Schmidt explains it as "defiled, dirtied." We prefer this explanation to that which makes *array*=clothe—which seems to us forced and unnatural here—but we should prefer Massey's "set their battle in array against" to either, if any other example of this meaning could be found. Perhaps the turn thus given to the military sense is no more remarkable than the liberties

S. takes with sundry other words; and here the exigencies of the rhyme might justify it. For the *rebel powers* and the *outward walls*, cf. *R. of L.* 722:

> "She says her subjects with foul insurrection
> Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
> And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
> Her immortality, and made her thrall
> To living death and pain perpetual."

10. *Aggravate.* Increase.

11. *Terms.* Walker says: "In the legal and academic sense; long periods of time, opposed to *hours*." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 90: "the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions."

CXLVII.—"In connection with 146: in that sonnet the writer exhorts the soul to feed and let the body pine, 'within be fed,' 'so shalt thou feed on Death;' here he tells what the food of his soul actually is—the unwholesome food of a sickly appetite. Compare Drayton, *Idea*, 41, 'Love's Lunacie'" (Dowden).

5. *My reason, the physician*, etc. Malone compares *M. W.* ii. 1. 5: "though Love use Reason for his physician," etc.

7. *Approve.* Find by experience (that). Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 317: "I have well approved it," etc.

8. *Except.* Object to, refuse. Palgrave explains thus: "I now discover that desire which reason rejected is death;" but Dowden, better, "desire which did object to physic." *Physic did except* repeats the idea in *prescriptions not kept*, not that in *reason . . . hath left me*, as Palgrave seems to suppose.

9. *Past cure*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "past cure is still past care." As Malone notes, it was a proverbial saying. See *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: "She has got the adage in her mouth; Things past cure, past care."

10. *Evermore unrest.* Walker compares Coleridge, *Remorse*, v. 1:

> "hopelessly deform'd
> By sights of evermore deformity."

Sidney (*Arcadia*, book v.) has "the time of my *ever* farewell approacheth."

CXLVIII.—"Suggested apparently by the last two lines of 147: 'I have thought thee bright who art dark;' 'what eyes, then, hath love put in my head?'" (Dowden).

4. *Censures.* Judges. See *Much Ado*, p. 139; and for the noun (=judgment), *Macb.* p. 251, or *Ham.* p. 190.

8. *Love's eye*, etc. The quarto (followed by most of the editors) ends the line with "all mens: no." The reading in the text was suggested by Lettsom, and is adopted by D., the Camb. editors ("Globe" ed.), and H., and is approved by St. It assumes a play upon *eye* and *ay*. Lettsom afterwards proposed "that" for *love* in the preceding line, and H. adopts that reading also.

13. *O cunning Love!* "Here he is perhaps speaking of his mistress,

but if so, he identifies her with 'Love,' views her as Love personified, and so the capital *L* is right" (Dowden).

CXLIX.—"Connected with 148, as appears from the closing lines of the two sonnets" (Dowden).

2. *Partake.* Take part; the only instance of the verb in this sense in S., but cf. the noun in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 100: "your partaker Pole" (see our ed. p. 149).

4. *All tyrant.* Vocative =thou who art a complete tyrant. Malone conjectures "all truant."

8. *Present.* Instant, immediate; as very often.

CL.—"Perhaps connected with 149; 'worship thy defect' in that sonnet may have suggested 'with insufficiency my heart to sway' in this" (Dowden).

2. *With insufficiency*, etc. "To rule my heart by defects" (Dowden).

5. *This becoming of things ill.* Malone quotes *A. and C.* ii. 2. 243:

> "for vilest things
> Become themselves in her," etc.

7. *Warrantise of skill.* Surety or pledge of ability.

CLI.—Omitted by Palgrave. See on 20 above. Dowden remarks: "Mr. Massey, with unhappy ingenuity, misinterprets thus: 'The meaning of Sonnet 151, when really mastered, is that he is betrayed into sin with others by her image, and in straying elsewhere he is in pursuit of her; it is on her account.'"

3. *Cheater.* St. takes the word to be here =*escheator*, as in *M. W.* i. 3. 77 (see our ed. p. 138); but, as Dowden remarks, the more obvious meaning of *rogue* makes better sense.

For *amiss*, see on 35. 7 above.

10. *Triumphant prize.* "Triumphal prize, the prize of his triumph" (Walker).

12. *To stand*, etc. Cf. Mercutio's speech in *R. and J.* ii. 1. 22–29.

CLII.—"Carries on the thought of the last sonnet; she cannot justly complain of his faults since she herself is as guilty or even more guilty" (Dowden).

3. *In act thy bed-vow broke.* See *Addenda*, p. 188 below:

9. *Kindness.* Affection, tenderness; as in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 113:

> "If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
> To bind our loves up in a holy band."

11. *To enlighten thee*, etc. "To see thee in the brightness of imagination I gave away my eyes to blindness, made myself blind" (Dowden).

13. *Perjur'd I.* The quarto has "eye" for *I*; corrected by Sewell.

CLIII.—Malone remarks: "This and the following sonnet are composed of the very same thoughts differently versified. They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined

which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world."

Herr Krauss (quoted by Dowden) believes these sonnets to be harmless trifles, written for the gay company at some bathing-place.

Herr Hertzberg (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1878, pp. 158–162) has found a Greek source for these two sonnets. He writes: "Dann ging ich an die palatinische Anthologie und fand daselbst nach langem Suchen im ix. Buche (Ἐπιδεικτικά) unter N. 637 die ersehnte Quelle. . . . Es lautet:

Τῷδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἁπαλῷ τετρυμένος ὕπνῳ
εὗδεν Ἔρως, νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.
Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλῃσι, 'τί μέλλομεν; αἴθε δὲ τούτῳ
σβέσσαμεν,' εἶπον, 'ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων.'
Λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκεῖθεν
Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ."*

Dowden adds: "The poem is by the Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ. The germ of the poem is found in an Epigram by Zenodotus:

Τίς γλύψας τὸν Ἔρωτα παρὰ κρήνῃσιν ἔθηκεν;
Οἰόμενος παύσειν τοῦτο τὸ πῦρ ὕδατι.†

How Shakspere became acquainted with the poem of Marianus we cannot tell, but it had been translated into Latin: 'Selecta Epigrammata, Basel, 1529,' and again several times before the close of the sixteenth century.

"I add literal translations of the epigrams: 'Here 'neath the plane trees, weighed down by soft slumber, slept Love, having placed his torch beside the Nymphs. Then said the Nymphs to one another, "Why do we delay? Would that together with this we had extinguished the fire of mortals' heart!" But as the torch made the waters also to blaze, hot is the water the amorous Nymphs (or the Nymphs of the region of Eros‡) draw from thence for their bath.'

"'Who was the man that carved [the statue of] Love, and set it by the fountains, thinking to quench this fire with water?'

"In Surrey's *Complaint of the Lover Disdained* (Aldine ed. p. 12), we read of a hot and a cold well of love. Shenstone (Works, ed. 1777, vol. i. p. 144) versifies anew the theme of this and the following sonnet in his 'Anacreontic.' Hermann Isaac suggests that the valley-fountain may signify marriage, but this will hardly agree with 154. 12, 13."

6. *Dateless.* Eternal. Cf. 30. 6 above. *Lively*=living; as in *V. and A.* 498, etc.

7. *Prove.* Find by trying, find to be. Cf. 72. 4 above.

11. *Bath.* The quarto has "bath," but Steevens suggests that we should print "Bath" (the name of the English city).

14. *Eyes.* The quarto has "eye;" corrected in the ed. of 1640.

---

* *Epigrammata* (Jacob) ix. 65.
† *Epigrammata* i. 57.
‡ See Hertzberg, *Sh. Jahrbuch*, p. 161.

CLIV.—7. *The general of hot desire.* In *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 187 he is called

"great general
Of trotting paritors."

Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, v. 1. 163: "our general of ebbs and flows" (Diana, or Luna).

12. *Thrall.* Bondman. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 6. 13: "the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep," etc.

13. *This by that*, etc. That is, the statement in the next line.

ADDENDA.

THE QUARTO OF 1609 NOT EDITED OR AUTHORIZED BY SHAKESPEARE.—In the Introduction (see p. 12 above), we have expressed the opinion that Shakespeare had nothing to do with the publication of the *Sonnets* in 1609. It has since occurred to us that this is put beyond a doubt by the parentheses at the end of Sonnet 126 in that edition (see p. 174 above). Shakespeare could not have inserted these parentheses, and Thorpe would not have done it if either he or his editor had been in communication with Shakespeare. In that case, one or the other of them would have asked him for the couplet supposed to be missing; and he would either have supplied it or have explained that the poem was complete as it stood.

It is evident, moreover, that the person to whom this sonnet was addressed was not privy to its publication, and that the editor could not venture to ask *him* to fill it out. Is it probable, then, that the editor was assisted in *arranging* the Sonnets by this person to whom he dared not appeal for the reading of a couplet in one of them? Is it not more likely that, as I have suggested (p. 12), he arranged them for the press as well as he could from what he happened to know of their history and from a study of the poems themselves?

[Dr. Furnivall, in a private note, says he has no doubt that the insertion of the marks of parenthesis "was the printer's doings;" and Mr. Thomas Tyler, in his ed. of the *Sonnets* (London, 1890, p. 286) expresses the same opinion; but it is extremely improbable that the printer would resort to this extraordinary typographical expedient (absolutely unprecedented, so far as our observation goes) without consulting the publisher, and Thorpe would not have consented to it if he could have avoided it. It is clear that printer or publisher, or both, considered that something was evidently wanting which could not be supplied and must be accounted for.

It is not impossible that Sonnet 96 (see p. 33, foot-note, above) may have been imperfect in the MS. used by Thorpe, and that he or his editor eked it out with the closing couplet of 36, which seemed to fit the place well enough. He would perhaps have filled out 126 in a similar manner if he could have found a couplet suitable for the purpose.

Dr. Furnivall says that our "editor" is "an imaginary being." He is

in no wise essential to our theory. If anybody chooses to regard Thorpe as his own editor, be it so. Mr. Tyler may be right in his conjecture (p. 137) that copies of the Sonnets were "made in MS. for distribution among the poet's 'private friends,'" and that "one of these copies fell into the hands of Thorpe, who also received information as to the patron and friend of the 'ever-living poet,'" though he thought it expedient to give only the initials of the person's name in his dedication. We cannot, however, admit (see the same page of Mr. Tyler's book) that "it is possible that Shakespeare handed the MS. to Thorpe, and then, through absence from London or other cause, may have had nothing further to do with the publication of the book." The only two books, so far as we know, ever published by Shakespeare himself were the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece*. These have dedications of his own, and the care with which they are printed indicates that he supervised their passage through the press. If he had had anything directly to do with bringing out the *Sonnets* in 1609, we may be sure that these poems in which he had so peculiarly personal an interest would have been dedicated *by himself*—if dedicated at all—to the person who was their "begetter," and that the printing would have been done under his own eye. He would not have allowed it to be done while he was absent from London, but would have had it delayed until his return. After waiting for so many years before publishing the poems, he would hardly have been in such haste to place them before the public as Mr. Tyler's conjecture assumes. Some critics have said that "the correction of the press by the author was unknown in Elizabethan times;" but, as Mr. Tyler himself tells us (p. 136, footnote), this is a mistake. At the end of Beeton's *Will of Wit* (1599) we find this note: "What faults are escaped in the printing, finde by discretion, and excuse the author, by other worke that let [hindered] him from attendance to the presse." The 1609 ed. of the *Sonnets* is by no means so well printed as the first eds. of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*. The many bad errors in it (like that in the 2d line of 146, for instance) and the parentheses in 126 are indisputable evidence that there was no "attendance to the presse" on the part of the author.]

"Sir William Herbert" (p. 11).—Dr. Ingleby, in a letter dated Aug. 10, 1883, commenting upon Mr. Fleay's reference to "Sir William Herbert," remarks: "Herbert was either *Mr.* or *Lord*. 'Lord Herbert' (or 'Harbert') was his common designation; and he had no title giving him the designation of 'Sir.'"

Sonnet LXX. (p. 82).—If this sonnet is addressed to the same person as 33–35 (to say nothing of 40–42), it is unquestionably out of place. Here his friend is said to present "a pure unstained prime," having passed through the temptations of youth either "not assailed" by them or "victor being charged;" but in 33–35 we learn that he *has been* assailed and has *not* come off victorious. There the "stain" and "disgrace" of his "sensual fault" are clearly set forth, though they are excused and forgiven. Here the young man is the victim of slander, but has in no wise deserved it. If he is the same young man who is so plainly, though sadly and tenderly, reproved in 33–35, this sonnet must have been writ-

ten before those. One broken link spoils the chain; if the order of the poem is wrong here, it may be elsewhere.

[Mr. Tyler's attempt (p. 229) to show that this sonnet is not out of place is a good illustration of the "tricks of desperation" to which a critic may be driven in defence of his theory: "Slander ever fastens on the purest characters. His friend's prime was unstained, such an affair as that with the poet's mistress not being regarded, apparently, as involving serious moral blemish. Moreover, there had been forgiveness; and the special reference here may be to some charge of which Mr. W. H. was innocent." Whatever this charge may be, the "pure unstained prime" covers the period referred to in Sonnets 33–35 and 40–42; and the young man's conduct then appeared a "trespass" and a "sin," a "shame" and a "disgrace," to the friend who now, according to Mr. Tyler, sees no "serious moral blemish" in it. Let the reader compare the poems for himself, and draw his own conclusions. Mr. Tyler has the grace to add to what we have quoted above: "But (as in 79) Shakespeare can scarcely escape the charge of adulation." Rather than believe William Shakespeare guilty of "adulation" so ineffably base and sycophantic, we could suppose, as some do, that Bacon wrote the Sonnets.]

"MR. W. H." AND THE "DARK LADY."—If Mr. Tyler is not always happy in his exegesis of particular sonnets, we must give him credit for settling two questions that we had given up as beyond all hope of settlement—namely, the identity of "Mr. W. H." and of the "dark lady" with whom both he and Shakespeare were entangled.

The reasons heretofore given for assuming that "Mr. W. H." was William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, are well summarized by Dowden on p. 23 above. He also refers to the objections to this theory; but the one that seems to us the most serious is apparently considered to have been met by the preceding reference to the attempts made in 1599 to find a wife for Herbert. That date, however, is not early enough to answer the purpose. If the Sonnets are in the proper order, the story of the rival lovers and the "dark lady" must have ended before 1599, when Sonnet 144, summing up that story, was printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim;* but the first seventeen sonnets, urging "Mr. W. H." to marry, must have been written even earlier—in 1597 or 1598. Herbert was born in 1580, and it is improbable on the face of it that Shakespeare would write seventeen sonnets to urge a youth of seventeen or eighteen to marry. But, as Mr. Tyler informs us (p. 45), it appears from letters preserved in the Record Office that "in 1597 the parents of William Herbert were engaged in negotiations for his marriage to Bridget Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and granddaughter of the great Lord Burleigh." The course of the parental match-making ran smooth for a while, but was soon checked by obstacles not clearly explained in the correspondence. Shakespeare may have written the seventeen sonnets at the request of Herbert's mother, the Countess of Pembroke.*

* Mr. Tyler reminds us that Grant White, in his first ed. of Shakespeare (1865) said of Sonnets 1–17: "There seems to be no imaginable reason for seventeen such poetical

Dowden and others have assumed that the father of "Mr. W. H." must have been dead at the time when the poet wrote in Sonnet 13:

> "Dear my love, you know
> You had a father; let your son say so."

But Herbert's father lived until 1601. The reference in the sonnet, however, is simply to the fact that the young man owed his existence to his father; and this explains the use of the past tense: "Your father begot you; beget a son in your turn."

The only other objection to identifying "Mr. W. H." with Herbert which Dowden mentions—the improbability that a youth of eighteen or nineteen could be the "better angel" of Sonnet 144—disappears when we learn who the "dark lady" was, and what were her relations with Herbert.

Mr. Tyler shows that this "woman colour'd ill" (cf. Dowden's description of her, p. 17 above) was almost certainly Mary Fitton, maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, and mistress of Herbert, by whom she had a child in 1601. The queen could not overlook the offence, and sent the father to the Fleet Prison. He was soon released, but appears never to have regained the royal favour.

There is no direct evidence to connect Shakespeare with Mistress Fitton; but we find that she was on somewhat intimate terms with a member of his theatrical company, that is, the Lord Chamberlain's Company, and was probably acquainted with other members of it. In 1600 William Kemp, the clown in the company, dedicated his *Nine daies wonder* to "Mistris Anne Fitton, Mayde of Honour to most sacred Mayde, Royal Queene Elizabeth." As Elizabeth certainly had no maid of honour named *Anne* Fitton in 1600,* while *Mary* Fitton held such office from 1595 to 1601, either Kemp or his printer probably made a mistake in the lady's Christian name in the dedication. As Mr. Tyler suggests, the form "Marie" might be so written as to be easily mistaken for "Anne."

There is much other circumstantial evidence that Mistress Mary was the "dark lady;" and it is strongly confirmed by the fact that her personal appearance was in keeping with the poet's descriptions. A statue of her still exists as a part of the family monument of the Fittons in Gawsworth church, Cheshire; and the remnants of colour upon it show that she had "the dark complexion, together with the black hair and eyes, so graphically depicted in the second series of Sonnets." The face also accords with Shakespeare's repeated assertion that the lady was not beautiful; "and that the lips and the eyes were features expressing the predominance of sensual passion" is plain enough. A portrait from a photograph of this statue is given on p. 6 above.

---

petitions. But that a mother should be thus solicitous is not strange, or that she should long to see the beautiful children of her own beautiful offspring. The desire for grandchildren, and the love of them, seem sometimes even stronger than parental yearning. But I hazard this conjecture with little confidence."

* Mary had a sister Anne, but the parish register of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, proves that the latter was married to John Newdigate on the 30th of April, 1587. She could not, therefore, have been maid of honour in 1600.

The most serious difficulty in identifying Mary Fitton with the "dark lady" is the fact that the latter appears from Sonnet 152 to have been a married woman, while Mary was maid of honor to Elizabeth, and bore her maiden name. Mr. Tyler, however (pp. 83–89), furnishes evidence, from an old pedigree of the Fitton family, that Mary was married twice; and he proceeds to show that the first marriage (to a Capt. Lougher) was probably a runaway match, when she was about fourteen years old. This marriage may have been "made out to be illegal and null and void, either on the ground that the previous consent of parents had not been obtained, or from some other cause." Mr. Tyler thinks that Sonnet 152 tends to support this view. He takes "in act" to mean "in reality, in fact." The dark lady had broken her marriage-vow "in act," though she "may have alleged that the marriage was set aside, or was treated as null and void, and that legally and formally she had been guilty of no breach." It is worthy of note that "there is no indication whatever of a husband as likely to interpose between the lady of the Sonnets and her admirers; and we can easily account for this absence if the lady was in the position just suggested." As the words "in act" are ordinarily interpreted, "they are not only superfluous, but they are, moreover, inconsistent with the context; the bed-vow was broken *in act* when the lady swore to love the poet."

For Mr. Tyler's interpretation of the passage in Sonnet 142, which has also been supposed to refer to her marriage, see the note on p. 179 above. I may add that this explanation occurred to me when I was reading Mr. Tyler's chapter on "The Dark Lady" (pp. 73–92), and before I had seen his notes on the Sonnet (p. 314).

INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED.

acceptable (accent), 130.
action (legal), 152.
adder's sense, 167.
admire (=wonder at), 172.
adulterate, 171.
advance (=raise), 156.
advised respects, 146.
aggravate, 181.
air and fire (elements), 145.
alchemy (metaphor), 141.
all tyrant (vocative), 182.
allow (=approve), 167.
amiss (noun), 141, 182.
anchored (metaphor), 177.
antique (accent), 135, 153.
applying fears to hopes, 170.
approve (=find by experience), 181.
aray, 180.
argument (=theme), 157, 164.
array, 180.
art (=letters), 152, 156.
as (=that), 156.
aspect (accent), 138.
astonished, 159.
attaint (=blame), 157.
attainted, 159.
authorizing (accent), 141.
ay (play upon?), 177.
ay me! 144.

bankrupt (spelling), 153.
bated, 151.
bath (=Bath?), 183.
becoming of, 175, 182.
begetter, 127.
bereft (=taken away), 130.
beshrew, 176.
besides (preposition), 137.
bestow (=stow), 138.
bevel, 171.
bide each check, 150.
black not counted fair, 174.
blenches (noun), 166.
blunt (=clumsy), 164.
bore the canopy, 172.
both twain, 144.
bower, 175.
brave (=beautiful), 132.
breathers of this world, 157.
builded, 172.

came (=became), 176.
candles (=stars), 136.
canker (=worm), 141, 154, 161, 163.
canker-blooms, 148.
captain (adjective), 147.
carcanet, 147.
censures (=judges), 181.
ceremony (metre), 137.
cheater, 182.
check (=rebuff), 150.
cherubins, 168.
chest (metaphor), 152.
chide with, 167.
chopped, 151.
chronicle, 164.
clean (adverb), 155.
closure of my breast, 146.
compare (noun), 136, 141.
compile (=compose), 156, 158.
compounded with clay, 154.
conceit (=conception), 132.
condemned for thy hand, 162.
confined (accent), 165.
confound (=destroy), 130, 151, 153.
consecrate, 155.
converted (=changed), 146.
converted (=turned away), 130, 131.
convertest (rhyme), 131, 133.
count (=account), 129.
counterfeit (rhyme), 148.
couplement, 136.
courses (=years), 150.
coward conquest of wretch's knife, 155.
critic (=carper), 167.
crooked (=malignant), 150.
curious (=fastidious), 143.

damasked, 175.
dateless (=endless), 140, 183.
days outworn, 153.
dead seeing, 153.
dear religious love, 140.
dearest (=most intense), 143.
debate (=contend), 132.
debate (=contest), 160.
dedicated words, 157.
defeat (=destroy), 151.
defeated (=defrauded), 135.
delves the parallels, 151.
depart (transitive), 131.
deserts (rhyme), 134, 146, 154.
determinate, 159.
determination (=end), 132.
disabled (quadrisyllable), 152.
discloses (=uncloses), 148.
dispense with, 167.
distillation (=perfume), 130.
doubting (=fearing), 155.
dressings, 172.
dullness (=drowsiness), 149.

eager (=tart), 170.
earth and water (elements), 145.
edge of doom, 169.
eisel, 167.
enlarged (=set free), 154.
entitled in thy parts, 143.
envy (accent), 175.
ever-fixed mark, 169.
evermore (adjective), 181.
except (=refuse), 181.
exchange, 166.
expense (=expenditure), 161, 175.
expense (=loss), 140.
expiate (=bring to an end), 136.
extern, 173.
eye of heaven, 135.

fair (=beauty), 134, 135, 153, 158.
false in rolling (eyes), 135.
fame (verb), 158.
famished for a look, 145.

favour (=countenance), 168, 173.
fell arrest, 155.
fester (=rot), 161.
fickle hour, 174.
filed, 158.
filled up his line, 159.
fitted, 170.
five wits, 178.
fleets (=fleetest), 135.
flourish (noun), 151.
foison, 148.
fond (=foolish), 129.
fond on, 158.
fools of time, 172.
for (=because), 143, 148, 165.
for (=for fear of), 147.
for fear of trust, 137.
fore, 130.
forlorn (accent), 141.
fortify (intransitive), 151.
free (=liberal), 129.
frequent (=intimate), 169.
from (=away from), 180.
fury (=inspiration), 163.

gaudy (=gay), 128.
gaze (=object of gaze), 130.
general of hot desire, 183.
go (=walk), 147.
gored mine own thoughts, 166.
gracious (=full of grace), 151.
gracious (trisyllable), 176.
greeing, 168.
grind (=whet), 167.
gust (=taste), 168.

habit (=bearing), 178.
happies, 130.
heavy Saturn, 162.
hell of time, 170.
his (=its), 131, 133, 155, 158, 174.
hope of orphans, 162.
horse (plural), 160.
hours (dissyllable), 130.
hues (=Hughes?), 135.
hugely politic, 172.
hungry ocean, 152.
husbandry, 132.

I hate from hate away she threw, 180.
idle rank, 171.
imaginary (=imaginative), 139.
imprisoned absence of your liberty, 150.
in their wills, 171.
incertainties, 165.
indigest, 168.
instinct (accent), 147.
insults o'er, 166.
intend, 139.
invention (=imagination), 143, 155.

jacks, 175.

keeps (=guards), 176.
key (pronunciation), 147.
kindness (=affection), 182.

lace (=embellish), 153.
lame (figurative?), 142, 159.
latch (=catch), 168.
lay (=lay on), 163.
learned's wing, 156.
leese, 130.
level (=aim), 169.
like as, 150, 170.
like of hearsay, 136.
limbecks, 170.
lines of life, 134.
live (=subsist), 129.
lively (=living), 183.
lovely argument, 157.
lover (masculine), 140.
love's fresh case, 166.

maiden gardens, 134.
main of light, 150.
make faults, 141.
makeless, 131.
makest waste in niggarding, 128.
many's looks, 160.
map of days outworn, 153.
marigold, 138.
marjoram, 162.
Mars his sword, 149.
master (=possess), 164.
master-mistress of my passion, 135.
meetness, 170.
melancholy (metre), 145.
minion (=darling), 174.
misprision, 159.
mixed with seconds, 173.
moan the expense, 140.
mock their own presage, 165.
modern (=ordinary), 158.
moiety, 145.
more and less, 161.
motley (=jester), 166.
mourning (play upon), 176.
mouthed graves, 156.
music (personal), 175.
music to hear, 130.
mutual render, 173.

nativity (=child), 150.
new-fangled, 160.
no such matter, 159.
noted weed, 155.

obsequious (=devoted), 173.
obsequious (=funereal), 142.
o'er-green (verb), 167.
one reckoned none, 177.
owe (=possess), 135, 154.

pain (=punishment), 178.
part his function, 168.
partake (=take part), 182.
parts of me, 140.
past cure, past care, 181.
patent, 159.
peace of you, 155.
perfect'st, 147.
perspective, 137.
phœnix, 135.
pointing (=appointing), 133.
policy, that heretic, 172.
poverty (concrete), 144.
present (=instant), 182.
pressed by these rebel powers, etc., 180.
pretty, 144.
prevent (=anticipate), 163.
pricked (=marked), 136.
prime (=spring), 162.
prizing (=regarding), 179.
proud-pied April, 162.
prove (=find), 154, 183.
purge, 170.
pursuit (accent), 179.

qualify (=temper), 166.
quest (=inquest), 145.
question make, 132.
quietus, 174.

rack (=clouds), 141.
ragged (=rugged), 130.
rank (=sick), 170.
rearward, 160.
record (accent), 150, 172.
recured, 145.
region (=air), 141.
remembered (=reminded), 170.
render (noun), 173.
render (=surrender), 174.
reserve (=preserve), 140.
reserve their character, 158.
respect (=affection), 142.
respect (=consideration), 139, 146.
resty, 163.
retention, 171.
revolt (=faithlessness), 160.
rondure, 137.
ruinate, 131.
ruined choirs, 154.
ruth (=pity), 176.

satire (=satirist), 163.
scarlet ornaments, 179.
sealed false bonds of love, 179.
seat, 144.
seconds (=flour), 173.
self-substantial fuel, 128
sense (plural), 160, 167.
sense (=reason), 141.
sensual feast, 178.
separable spite, 142.
sessions of thought, 140.
set a form upon, 159.
set me light, 159.
several plot, 177.
shady stealth, 156.
she (=woman), 175.
simplicity (=folly), 152.
slandering creation, 175.
soil (=solution), 153.
spacious (trisyllable), 176.
special (adverb), 147.
spirit (monosyllable), 157.
sportive (=amorous), 171.
stain (intransitive), 141.
state (noun), 161, 172.
statute, 176.
steal from his figure, 164.
steepy night, 151.
stelled, 137.
strained (=overwrought), 157.
strains of woe, 160.
strange (=stranger), 148.
strangely, 166.
strangle (acquaintance), 159.
store, 132, 133, 153, 177.
stretched metre, 134.
suborned informer, 174.
subscribe (=yield), 165.
successive, 175.
sufferance (=suffering), 150.
suggest (=tempt), 182.
suit thy pity like, 176.
suited (=clad), 175.
sum my count, 129.
summer's front, 164.
summer's story, 162.
supposed as forfeit, 165.
surly, sullen bell, 154.
suspect (noun), 153.
swart-complexioned, 139.
sweet thief, 142.
swift extremity, 147.
sympathized, 157.

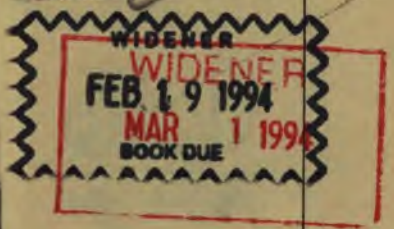
table (=tablet), 137.
tables (=note-book), 171.
tallies (noun), 171.
tame to sufferance, 150.
tasters, 168.
tell (=count), 140.
terms (legal), 181.
that (=so that), 155, 172.
thorns, standing on, 163.
thought (=melancholy), 142, 145.
thrall (=bondman), 184.
thriftless (=unprofitable), 129.
tie up envy, 154.
time (=the world), 169.
time removed, 161.
Time's chest, 152.
Time's fool, 169.
time's pencil, 134.
times (=generations), 132.
times in hope, 151.
tires (=head-dresses), 148.
took (=taken), 155.
tottered (=tattered), 128, 139.
translate (=transform), 161.
travail (spelling), 157.
triumphant prize, 182.
twire, 139.

uneared, 129.
unfair (verb), 130.
unkind (noun?), 177.
unknown minds, 169.
unperfect, 137.
unrespected, 144, 148.
unthrift, 131, 132.
use (=interest), 130, 176.
user (=possessor), 131.

vade, 148.
violet past prime, 132.

warrantise of skill, 182.
weed (=dress), 155.
whenas, 146.
where (=to where), 145.
where-through, 138.
whether (monosyllable), 150.
Will (play upon), 144, 176, 179.
wink (=shut the eyes), 144, 149.
without all, 153.
wooed of time, 153.
world-without-end, 149.
worth (=stellar influence), 169.
wrack (rhyme), 174.
wracked, 157.
wrackful, 152.

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.



3 2044 018 914 077

THE GIFT OF
Edgar H. Wells
(H.U. 1897)
March 4, 1899.